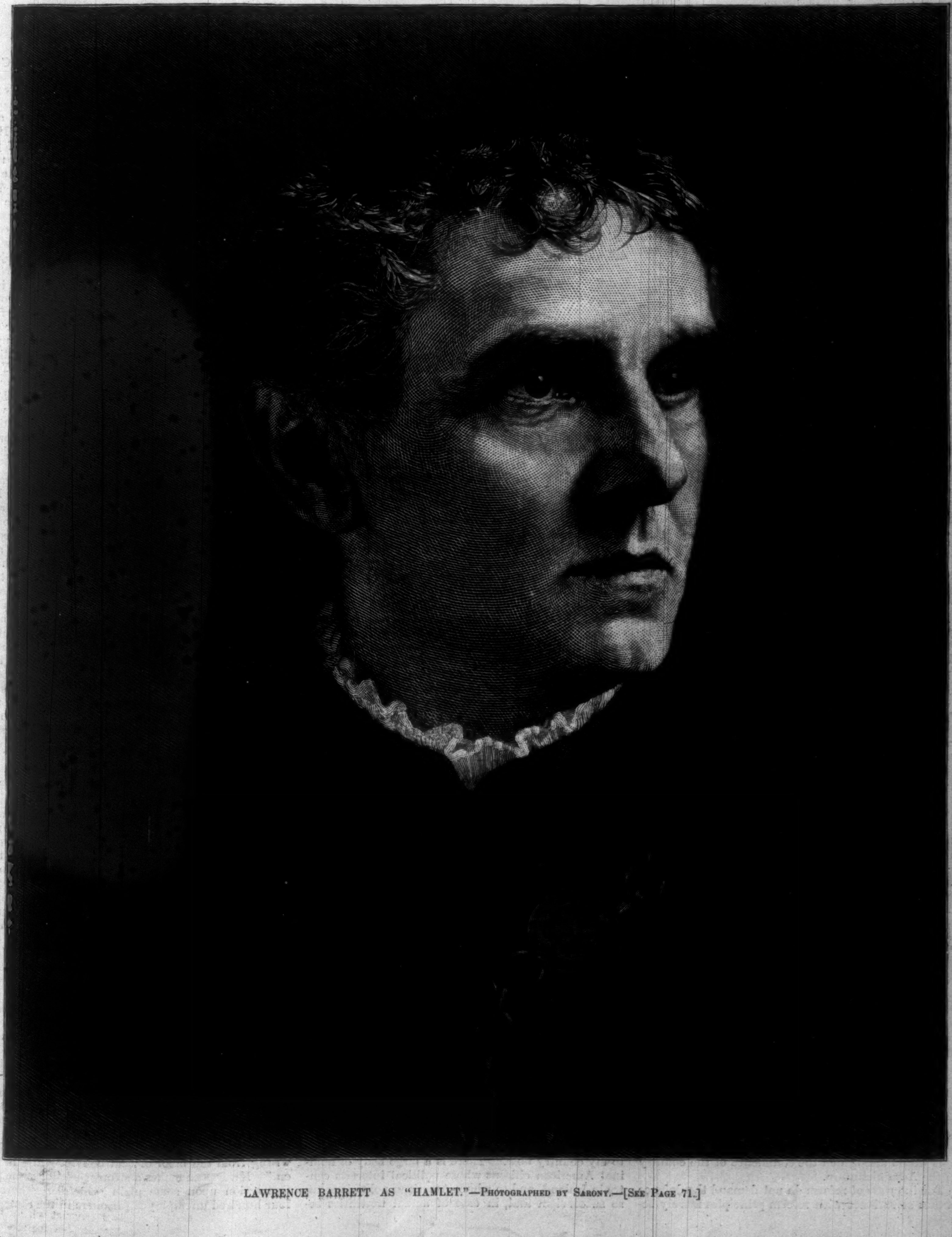
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1519.

Copyright, 1886, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1886.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



LAWRENCE BARRETT AS "HAMLET."—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 71.]

"As fresh and sparkling as the boys and girls for whom it is written. A capital weekly for our young folk."—*Christian Advocate, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

While the first object of this paper is to entertain its readers, it does not lose sight of the fact that its field is the whole range of good literature for the young. Accordingly it has always endeavored to give, in each number, at least one article that will be helpful to some, if not all, of its readers, either in the line of or supplementary to their regular studies.

In pursuance of this plan, a series of

FAMILIAR PAPERS ON GEOLOGY,

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK,

has been begun, and will be continued at intervals throughout the year.

MRS. HERRICK'S articles are in the style of her series on Botany published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and reprinted in book form under the title of "Chapters from Plant Life." The second article of the Geology series is printed in the current number, with four illustrations.

Other series of an instructive character are MISS COOPER'S articles on Zoology, and MRS. LILLIE'S on Music and Musicians, both of which are drawing to a close, to be reprinted shortly thereafter in book form.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1886.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

THE Senate has been endeavoring to learn the reason of certain suspensions in the civil service, and if it could be supposed that the motive of its action was the welfare of the service, and not a party advantage, its endeavor would have commanded general respect. But the Senate knows that it has no more authority to demand the reasons of the exercise of the executive discretion than the President to require the grounds of an exercise of the legislative discretion. In the Tenure of Office Act, which was passed to restrain ANDREW JOHNSON, the Senate obtained the power, which WEBSTER claimed as its constitutional right, to participate in removals as in appointments. But in 1869 it renounced the power again by agreeing to the following provision:

"During any recess of the Senate the President is authorized in his discretion to suspend any civil officer appointed by and with the consent of the Senate, except judges of the courts of the United States, until the end of the next session of the Senate, and to designate some suitable person, to be removed in his discretion by the designation of another, to perform the duties of such officer in the mean time."

And further:

"If no appointment by and with the advice and consent of the Senate is made to an office so temporarily filled during such next session of the Senate, the office shall remain in abeyance."

And its duties shall be performed by such other officer as would perform them in case of a vacancy.

That is the law, and under the law the Senate has no authority to demand reasons for such executive acts. It may, however, request information, and the President in his discretion may give or withhold it. His action in this respect would depend naturally upon his view of the purpose of the Senate in making the request. If he had reason to believe that the inquiry was made in good faith and with sole regard to the interests of the public service, and not with a view to discredit his official conduct and to promote party interests, he would probably say, as WASHINGTON said when the Senate for the first time rejected one of his nominations, that if it had thought fit to ask the reasons of the nomination he would have given them willingly. But even if the President should doubt the motive of the Senate in making the inquiry, yet if the inquiry were plainly made as an appeal to his courtesy, and not in assertion of a right, and he were conscious of the adequacy of his reasons for the suspension or removal, then in the interests of the service he might very well state the reasons frankly, as President HAYES did in the case of the New York Custom-house. This is, in fact, the sole interest of the country in the whole dispute, and the Senate may easily defeat its own purpose by an apparent attempt to encroach upon the legitimate sphere of the Executive. In endeavoring to show the country that the President has violated the principles of action which he has announced, it may succeed in merely showing that it is itself attempting to violate his official rights. If, however, with perfect respect for a coördinate branch of the government which is associated with it in the appointing power, the Senate should ask why a prominent and efficient officer has been suspended, and the President should decline to answer upon the ground of his responsibility, the presumption would be strong that he had no good answer to make. And this for the reason that the fact of answering would not be an acknowledgment of the right to require an answer, while an answer setting forth adequate reasons would strengthen the confidence of the country in the Administration.

The interests of reform do not demand the defence of acts at variance with reform principles merely because they are authorized by a President whom reformers have such good reason to trust. No reformer pretends that there have not been departures from sound principles under this Administration, and the Senate has made itself a party to them by confirming nominations that ought not to have been made. Mr. HEDDEN and Mr. BEATTIE have been nominated for Collector and Surveyor of the port of New York, although during their probation, since they were appointed last spring, they have shown that even if they technically obey the law, they have no faith in it, and seek to evade it when practicable. The responsibility for such appointments falls upon the President. Certainly they do not show him to be treacherous, and he may think such appointments, made in deference to party considerations, to be, under all the circumstances, most expedient even for reform. We should differ entirely from such an opinion, but we should neither question the sincerity of his interest and purpose, nor doubt that, with every exception made, he has done very much more practically to advance the reform than any other President, and in his refusal to do any thing which concedes the right of the Senate to demand reasons for the exercise of his constitutional and legal discretion, the good sense of the country will unquestionably sustain him.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

WHILE our national ship of state is rocking idly and becalmed, the situation in Great Britain is serious and even threatening. The condition of Ireland a hundred years ago was lamentable. It lay under the heel of English oppression. The lurid picture is drawn in a few vivid and impressive strokes by GOLDWIN SMITH in his essay upon PITT, and the story is one of the most painful chapters in English history. That situation ended in the union of 1800, but at the end of the century it is evident that the union has not composed Ireland, and the situation to-day is such that Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR seems not to be far wrong when he says that England must grant Ireland practical home rule or attempt to conquer the island again. Once more the situation is lamentable. In one county a judge recently signed warrants for two hundred evictions. The tenants are absolutely unable to pay rent. The landlords are therefore without money to pay interest upon their mortgages to London lenders, and the lenders, not unnaturally, demand relief. A vast league, sustained by the Roman Catholic priesthood, denounces the paying of rents, and boycotts those who demand and those who pay. A smaller body organize to succor the boycotted. The leaders of the league demand a local Parliament for the management of Irish affairs upon the ground of the right of the local majority. The minority appeal in terror that such a concession would be to surrender them to the mercies of a remorseless enemy, who would confiscate property and exterminate property owners; and the Duke of Bedford, a life-long Liberal, says that his party relations are strained to the utmost because Mr. GLADSTONE is apparently determined to abandon the loyal Irishmen to the disloyal.

Mr. PARNELL and Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY both ridicule the apprehension. But while there is no occasion to doubt that with their consent no wrong would be done, yet they are only revolutionary leaders who run before the crowd to avoid being run over by it. Mr. PARNELL has maintained his ascendency by never withstanding or severely reproving any tendency or act of his followers, and there is no reason to suppose that he could seriously restrain them in an Irish Parliament. In any case this apprehension and unwillingness of the Orange Irish to be abandoned to the mercies of the Land League transformed into a Parliament is one of the elements of the situation with which the British government has to deal. From the later accounts there seems to be reason to fear that the dull, unreasoning obstinacy of John Bull, like that of GEORGE the Third during the American Revolution, may doggedly assert itself, and render an adequate solution of the difficulty impossible. Mr. GLADSTONE has wisely abstained from declaring positively the course that he would pursue. We say wisely, because it was indispensable that he should apprehend the real drift of opinion in his party before taking a course which might leave him practically unsupported and without the prestige and confidence which are essential to the successful conduct of a settlement. The state of English feeling is very morbid, and it is threatening for Ireland. Mr. PARNELL's responsibility is great, but it is impossible that he should not deplore an appeal to arms.

Such an appeal, however, would look to this country as its practical base of supplies, and not without reason. Mr. PATRICK EGAN, the president of the American-Irish League, in congratulating the Lord-Mayor of Dublin upon his inauguration, hopes that the year may see "the reopening of our Parliament on College Green." The vice-president of the Irish National League of Cincinnati says that he shall tremble "if the English refuse to do justice to my country now." There is a large body of nominal American citizens whose political interests centre in Ireland, and to whom American politicians are so subservient that, in case of actual hostilities between England and Ireland, there would be a strong tendency to draw this country into some kind of participation. It is, moreover, a fact that the United States have furnished most of the moral and material base for the agitation in Ireland, which would prevent the good offices of this government from being of any avail in the event of trouble. All this, however, does not affect the central truth that the wrong and the suffering of Ireland are undeniable, and that the alienation of feeling from England is so deep that the true policy would now seem to be to determine the utmost concession which England would be willing to make, and offer it as the sole peaceable settlement. This should be done after the freest consultation with Mr. PARNELL and his friends, and something of this kind, we apprehend, will be the course to be ultimately favored by all who do not propose to recur to the policy which has totally failed, but which is foreshadowed by the Queen's Speech, and which must necessarily fail again.

CONVICT LABOR.

THE question of convict labor is treated by Governors HILL, FORAKER, and ABBETT in their recent Messages, and very carefully and intelligently by the committee of the Prison Association of New York, by Mr. BAKER, Superintendent of State Prisons, and Mr. BROCKWAY, of the Elmira Reformatory in New York, in admirable reports. The allusions of the Governors are of less importance, because they rely generally upon the opinions of experts. But the reports are the work of the experts themselves. The striking fact is that Governors and experts state the same conclusion, that under existing circumstances the piece price plan is the most expedient. The committee of the Prison Association and Mr. BROCKWAY, who is justly a high authority upon the subject, agree that the State account system is in itself probably the best, but that, upon the whole, the other is to be preferred for reasons stated. The State account system, according to Superintendent BAKER, has failed in New York, and the necessary outlay for the plant, and the immense responsibility devolved upon the warden, put it practically out of the question. The contract system has been condemned in New York and elsewhere, and, as we think, properly, although not for the reasons generally urged. The true objection to the contract system is not its competition with other labor, which is not a legitimate consideration, because if there is to be productive convict labor of any kind, it must necessarily enter into competition with other labor.

The objection to the contract system is admirably treated in the report of the Prison Association. It is inconsistent with those forms of discipline and treatment which are most conducive to the reformation of the prisoner, which is the chief end of a wise penal system. The contract plan treats the convict as a slave, or live chattel of the State, to be used or hired like a horse or an ox for the benefit of the public treasury. It is necessarily incompatible with the fostering of habits of thrift and self-dependence, or developing a sense of the value of labor as the only means of acquiring happiness and success. This is substantially the view taken many years ago in the report of Dr. WINES and Professor T. W. DWIGHT, and which is generally held by those who are interested in penal reform. Superintendent BAKER, however, holds the other view. He says in his report of this year that the reformatory as well as the disciplinary and financial results accomplished under the contract system were satisfactory, and he quotes the opinion of wardens in different parts of the country. Yet Mr. BAKER states fairly the arguments for the other systems, and he says truly that the actual force of prison labor in comparison with free labor is too trivial to require any departure in the prisons from usual ways of business. Mr. BROCKWAY, in a few admirable sentences, says the same thing. "All industries should be as free for the employment of prisoners as they are for citizens to engage in." It is refreshing to observe in Mr. BROCKWAY's report how clearly and steadily he sees the true object to be borne in mind, and that a prisoner is not a nuisance to be put out of the way as far as possible, but a man to be put in the way as far as practicable.

The question in this State can be and should be definitely settled. It is mixed up with the poorest kind of demagogic politics, and like other important public issues it is made the ground of wretched partisan appeals. For every reason—moral and social and pecuniary—the convict must labor. The product of his work, like that of all other labor, must enter the common market, and the character and methods of his labor should be such, and so adjusted, as not to serve, before all, the profit of the treasury, but his own benefit. As the committee of the Prison Association say: "The saving to the community in being freed from the depredation of each convict who has been reformed by his prison discipline will vastly exceed the utmost profit the State could have wrung from the labor of that convict while in prison." Mr. BAKER makes a strong plea for some positive action upon some plain principle. There are four hundred unemployed prisoners in the State, and

he has exhausted all his power and resources to put them at work. There is a cheap uproar about convict competition with honest labor. But every honest and intelligent laborer knows that every one of those four hundred idle prisoners is now and will be hereafter a charge upon every working-man in the State.

THE NEW YORK QUARANTINE.

Mr. Thomas C. Platt, president of the Board of Commissioners of Quarantine, says, in a letter to the *Tribune:*

"Harper's Weekly is responsible for a statement, which has gone the rounds of the press, that the actual cost of disinfecting by the superheated steam process is sixty cents per ton, yielding a profit of $4 40 per ton. 'This sum,' they say, 'upon an annual importation of 175,000 tons, would be $770,000.' The utter absurdity of this statement is shown by the figures and facts I have already given. An imagination that can raise 7000 tons to 175,000, and make $770,000 profits on actual payments for disinfecting aggregating only $35,000, requires no further attention at my hands."

This estimate of the quantity of imported rags as 175,000 tons was made by the Health-officer, as stated by the president and vice-president of the American Paper Manufacturers' Association in a communication to the Commissioners of Quarantine last September. Mr. Platt's allegation that the statement is absurd should be addressed to the Health-officer who made it.

Mr. Platt further states that the Bartlett process of disinfection, according to Mr. Bartlett's own statement, costs four dollars and forty cents a ton, without taking into account the large investment in the plant. On the other hand, Messrs. Train, Smith, & Co., of Boston, state that a member of a New York disinfecting company asserted that they could disinfect rags at a "cost of fifty or sixty cents a ton." Mr. D. Somers Howe also has stated in detail that eighty tons of rags were disinfected at Robbins Reef for $52 50, and two hundred tons at the Baltic Stores for $121 50; that is, respectively, a little over sixty-seven and sixty cents a ton, for which the present charge is five dollars a ton. Moreover, it is not true that the American Public Health Association has asserted that small-pox and cholera are introduced by foreign baled rags. A few members of a conference of State boards of health expressed that opinion. But Dr. Billings, of the army, one of the foremost of living sanitarians, Dr. Wolcott, of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, and Professor Lindsley, of New Haven, stated that no evidence had been offered that disease had been introduced by foreign baled rags, and owing to the weight of their opinion the declaratory resolution was recommitted, in order that such evidence, if it existed, might be introduced.

It is evident that Mr. Platt's simple assertions, with those of the proprietor of the system of disinfection which has been adopted by the Health-officer, cannot determine the question either of its necessity, economy, or efficiency. There is a great and plain conflict of testimony as to the facts. There is, however, no conflict of opinion as to the immense expense of the Quarantine establishment, nor as to the assessments which the Health-officer is expected to pay to the politicians who befriend him. One of Mr. Platt's two colleagues upon the board has said publicly, over his own name, that "the present Quarantine system is a fraud upon the tax-payers of the State and upon the commerce of the port of New York." The opinion which he expresses is a very general opinion. There is little doubt upon the part of those who are most familiar with the facts that there is a Quarantine ring which is interested in maintaining all the existing abuses, and which seeks to confirm them by means of "a deal" with the Governor. It is Mr. Platt's misfortune if his character as a politician does not tend to remove this conviction. He says that he courts the most searching inquiry into all the transactions of the commission. We have no wish to do him or any man injustice, and he indicates the only way in which, under the circumstances, all suspicion can be removed. An honest committee and a thorough investigation to determine whether Commissioner Judd is correct in alleging that the "present Quarantine system is a fraud" have become necessary.

A FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Boston has already a free public library in successful operation; Baltimore has just celebrated the opening of the Enoch Pratt free library, and Chicago has received a great sum for the establishment of a similar library. As we recently stated, Mr. Adolph L. Sanger, late President of the Board of Aldermen, before his retirement, suggested an appropriation by the Legislature for a free library in New York, to be erected upon the site of the Reservoir in the Fifth Avenue. We mentioned also that there is already the nucleus of such an institution in the free circulating library in the city which was founded six years ago with the most excellent results, and to which Mr. Ottendorfer has added the branch bearing his name, which has been open for a year with the greatest success. The New York Free Circulating Library has given out two hundred thousand books during the last year, and to every part of the city. The current expenses are paid by membership dues, subscriptions, donations, etc.; and there is a permanent fund of about $27,000, which the managers hope will be soon increased, that they may open still another branch in another part of the city. The managers, we may add, are well-known citizens deeply interested and efficient in their good work.

The New York Library Club, an association of library experts, librarians, officers of libraries, etc., has recently discussed the Sanger proposition, at which Mr. Melville Dewey, the librarian of Columbia College, made some important suggestions. He raised the question of the proper system of such a library for the city of New York, and justly held that what the readers need who would depend upon a free library is books, not buildings, and he was of opinion that a series of ten small and well-chosen libraries could be opened in as many convenient centres throughout the city at a less cost than one central library, and with five times the benefit to the public. The free library would be used by those who use the public schools, and they should be conveniently distributed in the same way. Reference libraries for scholars already exist, but a system of branch libraries of 10,000 volumes each could be bought and maintained in a rented building at a cost of $15,000 a year.

This plan was evidently approved by the club, and it is the one which is favored by the existing Free Library, which has practically tested its value by the experience of the Ottendorfer branch, which is situated in Second Avenue, and which has circulated nearly a hundred thousand volumes in the eleven months since it was opened. The most signal proof of the real popular interest in the library is that at the mother institution in Bond Street in a circulation of 105,643 books during the year only one volume has been lost, and from a circulation of 95,316 at the Ottendorfer branch only two volumes have been lost since the opening. The desirability of an adequate foundation for free reading in the city has been demonstrated. But the form which the library should take is of the utmost importance, and it can be most wisely determined by those who have the most practical experience. It is in this view that the judgment of the managers of the Free Circulating Library and of the Library Club is of the greatest weight; and the form of the application to the Legislature, should it be made, and of any bill that may be drafted, should be watched very carefully.

A COMPLAINT FROM INDIANA.

A correspondent in Indiana, alluding to the remark of the Weekly that "one of the worst abuses of patronage is the subsidizing of local newspapers by appointing the editor or proprietor a postmaster," mentions several recent instances of such appointments in Indiana, and declares it to be the clearly defined policy of President Cleveland, adding, "We have the spoils system in Indiana to a greater degree than ever before."

If under this Administration newspapers are subsidized by patronage in the way mentioned, we are still of opinion, as we were under Republican Administrations which did the same thing, that it is one of the worst of abuses, and we are very sure that it would not have been corrected by the defeat of Mr. Cleveland. That it is the President's clearly defined policy is not proved by occasional instances, and if the spoils system prevails in Indiana to a greater degree than ever, the situation in that State is much worse than it is elsewhere. Let our correspondent ascertain how many Democrats were appointed to office in Indiana under Republican Administrations, and he will learn that the spoils system has not come in with President Cleveland.

Let us clear our minds of cant. We do not excuse any violation of sound principles in the civil service by this Administration. But neither are we deeply impressed by the declarations of those who thought Republican ostracism of Democrats to be quite proper that there is now Democratic ostracism of Republicans. The one is as bad as the other. But no Republican President, even while the party claimed to be the party of reform, corrected that ostracism, and retained so many political opponents in the service as the Democratic President.

THE SUCCESSION BILL.

By the prompt passage of the Hoar Presidential succession bill the Democratic House of Representatives has shown its disposition and capacity for useful legislation. It has to that degree discredited the sneer that the Democrats have lost all power of practical government. The bill is not perfect. But it protects the country against a danger which has threatened it twice within four years. It can be amended in any judicious way, and it provides a natural and undisputed succession by law until the Constitution shall be changed, if change should be thought desirable.

Besides showing the practical sense of the House, the bill is an illustration of Senator Hoar's value as a legislator. He is a man of large public experience and of a high public sense and spirit, an admirable lawyer, a statesman of strong convictions, of scholarly accomplishment, of absolute rectitude, and of indomitable courage. The Senator also undoubtedly exalts the virtue of party loyalty beyond reason, and is consequently sometimes unjust and intolerant toward those who seek the same ends with himself. But there is no more serviceable man in public life, and strong as the Republicans now are in the Senate, they have in Senator Hoar one of their strongest and ablest leaders.

The electoral count bill of Senator Edmunds now awaits the action of Congress, and it should be taken up and disposed of at once. It is emphatically a national and not a partisan measure, and the House could do nothing better to continue the favorable impression produced by its prompt action upon the succession bill than to pass the Edmunds bill. The Democrats would act very unwisely for themselves should their conduct in Congress confirm the Republican taunt instead of plainly making it ridiculous.

A LETTER FROM COMMISSIONER SCHOONMAKER.

Ex-Attorney-General Schoonmaker, of the New York Civil Service Commission, writes to the *Times* that injustice has been done to Governor Hill in regard to the appointments in the office of the Secretary of State. "No rule has been changed, violated, or evaded; the statute has not been disregarded; the Governor has not interposed or requested any action upon the subject; the Secretary has shown no desire to evade the rules." This is enough. Mr. Schoonmaker's statement is conclusive, and the Governor is entirely exonerated.

The Commissioner proceeds to say that the Commission always favors selection by competition, but that when a State officer certifies that a specified position in his office ought to be a non-competitive position, and gives fair reasons for his conclusion, the Commission cannot prudently deny the application, and risk impairing the public service.

Mr. Schoonmaker adds for himself only that he does not understand the retention by a new head of an office of subordinates selected by his predecessor solely on partisan grounds, and who have been active partisans in office, to be warranted by principles of reform. He holds that appointments should be made by reform methods, but that retention rests upon reform principles supported by reason and equity. In other words, he holds that reform does not require that active Republican politicians should be retained in office, although they should not be displaced for Democratic politicians of the same kind. But subordinates who by long and faithful service have demonstrated their fitness and value ought to be retained. These are views in which every reformer will agree. The letter of the Commissioner is well worth reading.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Theodore Child, the Paris correspondent of the *Sun*, describes how the artists and connoisseurs of that city have left to America the glory of first honoring their own countryman, the sculptor Barye, and how important a step in the work was the finely illustrated article on Barye which appeared in Harper's Magazine last September. "This article," he says, "was translated in the Paris newspapers, and the journalists, who for the most part never heard of Barye before, regretted that, as usual, France had left to foreigners the honor of discovering and celebrating one of her great men. Now there is a talk of erecting a monument to Barye. The other day I had the pleasure of talking with M. Jourde, the editor of the *Siècle*, and president of the syndicate of the Paris press. 'We must have a monument to Barye,' he said; 'as soon as I have finished with the Victor Hugo monument, about the month of April, I will organize a committee. We will have an exhibition of the works of Barye, and with the gate-money and a public subscription we shall get enough to pay for the monument.'" This is by no means the first time that America has discovered the greatness of a French artist. The late painter Millet sold more works in the United States than in Europe, and when begging Frenchmen to buy his pictures in order to aid his starving family, an American artist, the late Mr. William M. Hunt, introduced to him an American amateur, the late Mr. Quincy Shaw, of Boston, who ordered a large number of his works.

—The Honorable Courtlandt Parker, of Newark, New Jersey, thinks it better for boys in the same family to be educated in different colleges, and believes that if a father is the happy possessor of twins, it is a bad use of opportunity to send them to the same institution of learning. There is too much sameness of result already, he thinks, without unnecessarily increasing it.

—The Canadian Premier, Sir John Macdonald, on returning from his recent visit to England, declared that Louis Riel, the leader of the half-breed rebellion, was both venal and insincere, and that during the troubles which ended in his death he offered to leave the country if the government would give him five thousand dollars. Sir John is in vigorous health, tall and erect, although more than seventy years old. His friends often see in his face a resemblance to the late Lord Beaconsfield.

—The trousers of celebrated Americans seem still to be an insuperable obstacle to the progress of American sculpture. The statue about to be erected in Garfield Place, Cincinnati, in memory of the late President, though vigorous in conception and altogether American in general effect, represents Mr. Garfield wearing a pair of trousers as much too long for him as are those appertaining to the statue of President Lincoln in Union Square in this city. In classic times sculpture was in some respects an easier art.

—Mr. J. W. Alexander is finishing an oil portrait from life of the veteran comedian Mr. John Gilbert, and his new portrait of Mr. Joe Jefferson is being engraved for Harper's Magazine, where it will be accompanied by a biographical sketch by Mr. William Winter.

—Mr. Samuel L. Clemens has made an after-dinner speech before a society of printers in which he gave some interesting biographical facts. "It may be," he said, "that the printer of to-day is not the printer of thirty-five years ago. I was no stranger to him. I knew him well. I built his fire for him in the winter mornings; I brought his water from the village pump; I swept out his office; I picked up his type from under his stand; I wetted down the paper on Saturdays, and turned it on Sundays—for this was a country weekly; I washed the rollers; I washed the forms; I folded the papers; I carried them around at dawn on Thursday mornings; and I enveloped the papers that were for the mail."

—Mr. Henry E. Dixey has still further embellished the play *Adonis*, which he describes on his bills as "a perversion of common-sense," by introducing into the barber-shop scene an organ-grinder, whose peripatetic monkey goes around the stage in search of coins, and on getting a copper or a nickel rings a bell-punch that hangs from his neck, after the manner of the street-car conductor when collecting his fares, the object being to encourage honesty in monkeys.

—The New York Yacht Club has given to Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes, one of the owners of the *Puritan*, a silver cup engraved with the following inscription: "Presented to the owners of ye *Puritan* by the New York Yacht Club, in commemoration of her victory over the *Genesta*, representing the Royal Yacht Squadron of England, in the match for the possession of the *America* Cup, sailed September, 1885." The design shows a stalwart young Puritan, holding a model of the winning sloop in his left hand, eying it with critical admiration.

—When president of the Historical Society, the late Albert Gallatin desired to consult a book in the library of that institution, and being not well enough to go to the rooms, sent down to have the volume lent him. His request was refused, because to have granted it would have been contrary to the by-laws, but the book was copied, at the expense of the Society, for Mr. Gallatin's convenience. This little story is the answer given by one of the present officers of the Historical Society to the question, "Will you lend your paintings by Old Masters to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in order to further the scheme of forming one central and comprehensive collection of oil-paintings for the benefit of art students?" Notwithstanding the statements that have appeared in some of the newspapers, Colonel Andrew Warner, the secretary for forty-two years of the Society, declares that such a proposition has not even been submitted for its consideration. As one of the officers put it the other day, the Historical Society would not lend its pictures if it could, and could not if it would.

AMONG THE COKE FURNACES OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 71.]

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

CHAPTER X.

While she still sat under the Scotchman's eyes a man came up to the door, reaching it as Henchard opened the door of the inner office to admit Elizabeth. The new-comer stepped forward like the quicker cripple at Bethesda, and entered in her stead. She could hear his words to Henchard: "Joshua Jopp, sir—by appointment—the new manager."

"The new manager!—he's in his office," said Henchard, bluntly.

"In his office!" said the man, with a stultified air.

"I mentioned Thursday," said Henchard; "and as you did not keep your appointment, I have engaged another manager. At first I thought he must be you. Do you think I can wait when business is in question?"

"You said Thursday or Saturday, sir," said the new-comer, pulling out a letter.

"Well, you are too late," said the corn-factor. "I can say no more."

"You as good as engaged me," murmured the man.

"Subject to an interview," said Henchard. "I am sorry for you—very sorry indeed. But it can't be helped."

There was no more to be said, and the man came out, encountering Elizabeth Jane in his passage. She could see that his mouth twitched with anger, and that bitter disappointment was written in his face everywhere.

Elizabeth Jane now entered, and stood before the master of the premises. His dark pupils—which always seemed to have a red spark of light in them, though this could hardly be a physical fact—turned indifferently round under his dark brows until they rested on her figure. "Now, then, what is it, my young woman?" he said, blandly.

"Can I speak to you—not on business, sir?" said she.

"Yes—I suppose." He looked at her more thoughtfully.

"I am sent to tell you, sir," she innocently went on, "that a distant relative of yours by marriage, Susan Newson, a sailor's widow, is in the town, and to ask whether you would wish to see her."

The rich *rouge et noir* of his countenance underwent a slight change. "Oh—Susan is—still alive?" he asked, with difficulty.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you her daughter?"

"Yes, sir—her only daughter."

"What—do you call yourself—your Christian name?"

"Elizabeth Jane, sir."

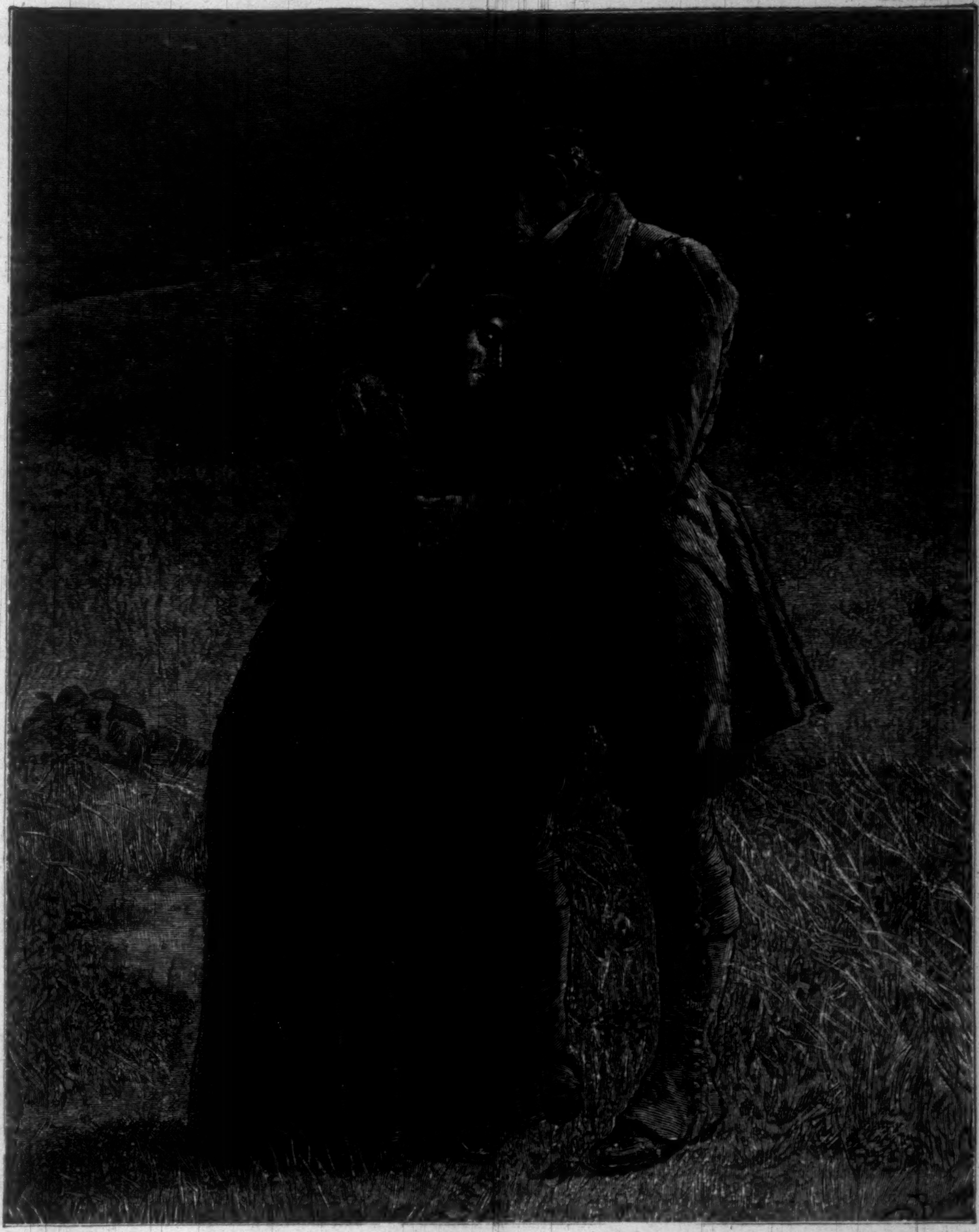
"Newson?"

"Elizabeth Jane Newson."

This at once suggested to Henchard that the transaction of his early married life at Weydon Fair was unrecorded in the family history. It was more than he could have expected. His wife had behaved kindly to him in return for his unkindness, and had never proclaimed her wrong to her child or to the world.

"I am—a good deal interested in your news," he said. "And as this is not a matter of business, but pleasure, suppose we go in-doors."

It was with a gentle delicacy of manner, surprising to Elizabeth, that he showed her out of the office, and through the outer room, where Donald Farfrae was overhauling bins and samples with the inquiring inspection of a beginner in charge. Henchard preceded her through the door in the wall to the suddenly changed scene of the garden and flowers, and onward into the house. The dining-room to which he introduced her still exhibited the remnants of the lavish breakfast laid for Farfrae. It was furnished to profusion with heavy mahogany furniture of the deepest red-Spanish hues. Pembroke tables, with leaves hanging so low that they well-nigh touched the floor, stood against the walls on legs and feet shaped like those of an elephant, and on one lay three huge folio volumes—a family Bible, a Josephus, and a *Whole Duty of Man*. In the chimney-corner was a fine grate with a fluted semicircular back, having urns and festoons cast in relief thereon; and the chairs



"THE POOR WOMAN LEANED AGAINST HENCHARD, WHO SUPPORTED HER IN HIS ARMS."

THE PRESIDENT'S GRIP; OR, OUR INFANT HERCULES.

were of the kind which, since that day, has cast lustre upon the names of Chippendale and Sheraton, though, in point of fact, their patterns may have been such as those illustrious carpenters never saw or heard of.

"Sit down—Elizabeth Jane—sit down," he said, with a shake in his voice as he uttered her name; and sitting down himself, he allowed his hands to hang between his knees, while he looked upon the carpet. "Your mother, then, is quite well?"

"She is rather worn out, sir, with travelling."

"A sailor's widow—when did he die?"

"Father was lost last spring."

Henchard winced at the word "father," thus applied. "Do you and she come from abroad—America or Australia?" he asked.

"No. We have been in England some years. I was twelve when we came here from Canada."

"Ah; exactly." By such conversation he discovered the circumstances which had enveloped his wife and her child in such total obscurity that he had long ago believed them to be in their graves. These things being clear, he returned to the present. "And where is your mother staying?"

"At the King o' Prussia."

"And you are her daughter Elizabeth Jane," repeated Henchard. He arose, came close to her, and glanced in her face. "I think," he said, suddenly turning away, "you shall take a note from me to your mother. I should like to see her.... She is not left very well off by her late husband?" His eye fell on Elizabeth Jane's clothes, which, though a respectable suit of black, and her very best, were decidedly old-fashioned, even to Casterbridge eyes.

"Not very well," she said, glad that he had divined this without her being obliged to express it.

He sat down at the table and wrote a few lines; next taking from his pocket-book a five-pound note, which he put in the envelope with the letter, adding to it, as by an after-thought, five shillings. Sealing the whole up carefully with wax, he directed it to "Mrs. Newson, King of Prussia Inn," and handed the packet to Elizabeth.

"Deliver it to her personally, please," said Henchard. "Well, I am glad to see you here, Elizabeth Jane—very glad. We must have a long talk together—but not just now."

He took her hand at parting, and held it so warmly that she, who had known so little friendship, was much affected, and tears rose to her aerial-gray eyes. The instant that she was gone Henchard's state showed itself more distinctly; having shut the door, he sat in his dining-room stiffly erect, gazing at the opposite wall as if he read his history there.

"Begad!" he suddenly exclaimed, jumping up. "I didn't think of that. Perhaps these are impostors—and Susan and the child dead after all!"

However, something in Elizabeth Jane soon assured him that, as regarded her, at least, there could be little doubt. And a few hours would settle the question of her mother's identity, for he had arranged in his note to see her that evening.

"It never rains but it pours," said Henchard. His keenly excited interest in his new friend the Scotchman was now eclipsed by this event; and Donald Farfrae saw so little of him during the rest of the day that he wondered at the suddenness of his employer's moods.

In the mean time Elizabeth had reached the inn. Her mother, instead of taking the note with the curiosity of a poor woman expecting assistance, was much moved at sight of it. She did not read it at once, asking Elizabeth to describe her reception, and the very words Mr. Henchard used. Elizabeth's back was turned when her mother opened the letter. It ran thus:

"Meet me at eight o'clock this evening, if you can, at the Ring, on the Budmouth Road. The place is easy to find. I can say no more now. The news upsets me almost. The girl seems to be in ignorance. Keep her so until I have seen you. M. H."

He said nothing about the inclosure of five guineas. The amount was significant; it may tacitly have said to her that he bought her back again. She waited restlessly for the close of the day, telling Elizabeth Jane that she was invited to see Mr. Henchard; that she would go alone. But she said nothing to show that the place of meeting was not at his house, nor did she hand the note to Elizabeth.

CHAPTER XI.

The Ring at Casterbridge was merely the local name of one of the finest Roman amphitheatres, if not the very finest, remaining in Britain.

Casterbridge announced old Rome in every street, alley, and precinct. It looked Roman, bespoke the art of Rome, concealed dead men of Rome. It was impossible to dig more than a foot or two deep about the town fields and gardens without coming upon some tall soldier or other of the Empire, who had lain there in his silent, unobtrusive rest for a space of fifteen hundred years. He was mostly found lying on his side, in an oval scoop in the chalk, like a chicken in its shell; his knees drawn up to his chest; sometimes with the remains of his spear against his arm; a fibula or brooch of bronze on his breast or forehead; an urn at his knees, a jar at his breast, a bottle at his mouth; and mystified conjecture pouring down upon him from the eyes of Casterbridge street boys and men who had turned a moment to gaze at the familiar spectacle as they passed by.

Imaginative inhabitants, who would have felt an unpleasantness at the discovery of a comparatively modern skeleton in their gardens, were quite unmoved by these hoary shapes. They had lived so long ago, their time was so unlike the present, their hopes and motives were so widely removed from ours, that between them and the living there seemed to stretch a gulf too wide for even a spirit to pass.

The amphitheatre was in the form of a huge spittoon, with a notch at opposite extremities of its diameter north and south. It was to Casterbridge what the ruined Coliseum is to modern Rome, and was nearly of the same magnitude. The dusk of evening was the proper hour at which a true impression of this suggestive place could be received. Standing in the middle of the arena at that time by degrees there became apparent its real vastness, which a cursory view from the summit at noonday was apt to obscure. Many a time had thumbs been turned down here; and not a few times had they been turned up also. Melancholy, impressive, lonely, yet accessible from every part of the town, the historic circle was the frequent spot for appointments of a furtive kind. Intrigues were arranged there; tentative meetings were there experimented after divisions and feuds. But one kind of appointment—in itself the most common of any—seldom had place in the amphitheatre: that of happy lovers.

Why, seeing that it was pre-eminently an airy, accessible, and interesting spot for assignations, the cheerfulest form of those occurrences never took kindly to the soil of the ruin would be a curious inquiry. Perhaps it was because its associations had about them something sinister. Its history proved that. Apart from the sanguinary nature of the games originally played therein, such incidents attached to its past as these: that for scores of years the town gallows had stood at one corner; that in 1705 a woman who had murdered her husband was half-strangled and then burned there in the presence of ten thousand spectators. Tradition reports that at a certain stage of the burning her heart burst and leaped out of her body to the terror of them all, and that not one of those ten thousand people ever cared particularly for hot roast after that. In addition to these old tragedies, pugilistic encounters almost to the death had come off down to recent dates in that secluded arena, entirely invisible to the outside world, save by climbing to the top of the inclosure, which few towns-people in the daily round of their lives ever took the trouble to do. So that, though close to the turnpike-road, crimes might be perpetrated there unseen at mid-day.

Some boys had latterly tried to impart gayety to the ruin by using the central arena as a cricket ground. But the game usually languished, for the aforesaid reason—that of the dismal privacy which the earthen circle enforced, shutting out every appreciative passer's vision, every commendatory remark from outsiders—everything, except the sky; and to play at games in such circumstances was like acting to an empty house. Possibly, too, the boys were timid, for some old people said that at certain moments in the summer-time, in broad daylight, persons sitting with a book, or dozing in the arena, had, on lifting their eyes, beheld the slopes lined with a gazing legion of Hadrian's soldiery as if watching the gladiatorial combat, and had heard the roar of their excited voices, that the scene would remain but a moment, like a lightning flash, and then disappear.

It was said that there still remained under the south entrance arched cells for the reception of the wild animals and athletes who took part in the games. The arena was still smooth and circular, as if used for its original purpose not so very long ago. The sloping pathways by which spectators ascended to their seats were pathways yet. But the whole was grown over with grass, which now, at the end of summer, was bearded with withered bents that formed waves under the brush of the wind, returning to the ear Æolian modulations as they detained for moments the flying globes of thistle-down.

Henchard had chosen this spot as being the safest from observation which he could think of for meeting his long-lost wife, and at the same time as one easily to be found by a stranger after night-fall. As Mayor of the town, with a reputation to keep up, he could not invite her to come to his house till some definite course had been decided on.

Just before eight he approached the deserted earth-work, and entered by the south path which descended over the débris of the former dens. In a few moments he could discern a female figure creeping in by the great north gap, or public gateway. They met in the middle of the arena. Neither spoke just at first—there was no necessity for speech—and the poor woman leaned against Henchard, who supported her in his arms.

"I don't drink," he said, in a low, halting, apologetic voice. "You hear, Susan?—I don't drink now—I haven't since that night." Those were his first words.

He felt her bow her head in acknowledgment that she understood. After a minute or two he again began:

"If I had known you were living, Susan! But there was every reason to suppose you and the child were dead and gone. I took every possible step to find you—travelled—advertised. My opinion at last was that you had started for some colony with that man, and had been drowned on your voyage out. Why did you keep silent like this?"

"Oh, Michael, because of him—what other reason could there be? I thought I owed him faithfulness to the end of one of our lives—foolishly I believed there was something solemn and binding in the bargain; I thought that even in honor I dared not desert him when he had paid so much for me in good faith. I meet you now only as his widow; I consider myself that, and that I have no claim upon you. Had he not died, I should never have come—never. Of that you may be sure."

"Tut! tut! How could you be so simple?"

"I don't know. Yet it would have been very wicked—if I had not thought like that!" said Susan, almost crying.

"Yes—yes—so it would. It is only that which makes me feel ye an innocent woman. But—to lead me into this!"

"What, Michael?" she asked, alarmed.

"Why, this difficulty about our living together again, and Elizabeth Jane. She cannot be told all—she would so despise us both that—I could not bear it!"

"That was why she was brought up in ignorance of you. I could not bear it either."

"Well, we must talk of a plan for keeping her in her present belief, and getting matters straight in spite of it. You have heard I am in a large way of business here—that I am Mayor of the town, and church-warden, and I don't know what all?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"These things, as well as the dread of the girl discovering our disgrace, make it necessary to act with extreme caution. So that I don't see how you can return openly to my house as the wife and daughter I once treated badly, and banished from me; and there's the rub o't."

"We'll go away at once. I only came to see—"

"No, no, Susan; you are not to go—you mistake me!" he said, with kindly severity. "I have thought of this plan: that you and Elizabeth take a cottage in the town as the widow Mrs. Newson and her daughter; that I meet you, court you, and marry you, Elizabeth Jane coming to my house as my step-daughter. The thing is so natural and easy that it is half done in thinking o't. This would leave my shady, headstrong, disgraceful life as a young man absolutely unopened; the secret would be yours and mine only; and I should have the pleasure of seeing my own only child under my roof, as well as my wife."

"I am quite in your hands, Michael," she said, meekly. "I came here for the sake of Elizabeth; for myself, if you tell me to leave again to-morrow morning, and never come near you more, I am content to go."

"Now, now; we don't want to hear that," said Henchard, gently. "Of course you won't leave again. Think over the plan I have proposed for a few hours, and if you can't hit upon a better one, we'll adopt it. I have to be away for a day or two on business, unfortunately; but during that time you can get lodgings—the only ones in the town fit for you are those over the china shop in High Street—and you can also look for a cottage."

"If the lodgings are in High Street they are dear, I suppose?"

"Never mind—you *must* start genteel, if our plan is to be carried out. Look to me for money. Have you enough till I come back?"

"Quite," said she.

"And are you comfortable at the inn?"

"Oh yes."

"And the girl is quite safe from learning the shame of her case and ours? That's what makes me most anxious of all."

"You would be surprised to find how unlikely she is to dream of the truth. How could she ever suppose such a thing!"

"True."

"I like the idea of repeating our marriage," said Mrs. Henchard, after a pause. "It seems the only right course, after all this. Now I think I must go back to Elizabeth Jane and tell her that our kinsman Mr. Henchard kindly wishes us to stay in the town."

"Very well; arrange that yourself. I'll go some way with you."

"No, no. Don't run any risk," said his wife, anxiously. "I can find my way back; it is not late. Please let me go alone."

"Right," said Henchard. "But just one word—do you forgive me, Susan?"

She murmured something, but seemed to find it difficult to frame her answer. "Never mind; all in good time," said he. "Judge me by my future works. Good-by."

He retreated, and stood at the upper side of the amphitheatre, while his wife passed out through the lower way and descended under the trees to the town. Then Henchard himself went homeward, going so fast that by the time he reached his door he was almost upon the heels of the unconscious woman from whom he had just parted. He watched her up the street, and turned into his house.

CHAPTER XII.

On entering his own door, after watching his wife out of sight, the Mayor walked on through the tunnel-shaped passage into the garden, and thence by the side door toward the stores and granaries. A light shone from the office window, and there being no blind to screen the interior, Henchard could see Donald Farfrae still seated where he had left him, initiating himself into the managerial work of the house by overhauling the books. Henchard entered, merely observing, "Don't let me interrupt ye, if ye will stay so late."

He stood behind Farfrae's chair, watching his dexterity in clearing up the numerical fogs, which had been allowed to grow so thick in Henchard's books as almost to baffle even the Scotchman's perspicacity. The corn-factor's mien was half admiring, and yet it was not without a dash of pity for the tastes of any one who could care to give his mind to such finikin details. Henchard himself was mentally and physically unfit for grubbing subtleties from soiled paper; he had in a modern sense received the education of Achilles, and found penmanship a tantalizing art.

"You shall do no more to-night," he said at length, spreading his great hand over the paper. "There's time enough to-morrow. Come in-doors with me and have some supper. Now you shall; I am determined on't." He shut the account-books with friendly force.

Donald had wished to get to his lodgings, but he already saw that his friend and employer was a man who knew no moderation in his requests and impulses, and he yielded gracefully. He liked Henchard's warmth, even if it inconvenienced him, the great difference in their characters adding to the liking.

They locked up the office, and the young man followed his companion through the private little door which, admitting directly into Henchard's garden, permitted a passage from the utilitarian to the beautiful at one step. The garden was silent, dewy, and full of perfume. It extended a long way back from the house, first as lawn and flower beds, then as fruit garden, where the long-tied espaliers, as old as the old house itself, had grown so stout and cramped and gnarled that they had pulled their stakes out of the ground, and stood distorted and writhing in vegetable agony, like woody Laocoons. The flowers which smelled so sweetly were not discernible, and they passed through them into the house.

The hospitalities of the morning were repeated, and when they were over, Henchard said, "Pull your chair round to the fire-place, my dear fellow, and let's make a blaze; there's nothing I hate like a black grate, even in September." He applied a light to the laid-in fuel, and a cheerful radiance spread around.

"It is odd," said Henchard, "that two men should meet as we have done on a purely business ground, and that at the end of the first day I should wish to speak to 'ee on a family matter. But, d—— it all, I am a lonely man, Farfrae; I have nobody else to speak to, and why shouldn't I tell it to you?"

"I'll be glad to hear it, if I can be of any service," said Donald, allowing his eyes to travel over the intricate wood-carvings of the chimney-piece, representing garlanded lyres, shields, and quivers, on either side of a draped ox-skull, and flanked by heads of Apollo and Diana in low relief.

"I've not been always what I am now," continued Henchard, his firm deep voice being ever so little shaken. "I began life as a working hay-trusser, and when I was eighteen I married on the strength o' my calling. Would you think me a married man?"

"I heard in the town that you were a widower."

"Ah, yes, you would naturally have heard that. Well, I lost my wife eighteen years ago, by my own fault.... This is how it came about. One summer evening I was travelling for employment, and she was walking at my side carrying the baby, our only child. We came to a booth in a country fair. I was a drinking man at that time."

Henchard paused a moment, threw himself back so that his elbow rested on the table, his forehead being shaded by his hand, which, however, did not hide the marks of introspective inflexibility on his features as he narrated in fullest detail the incidents of the transaction with the sailor. The tinge of indifference which had at first been visible in the Scotchman now disappeared.

Henchard went on to describe his attempts to find his wife; the oath he swore; the solitary life he led during the years which followed. "I have kept my oath for eighteen years," he went on; "I have risen to what you see me now."

"And it's not a small counterbalance to the immoral years that ye've done so much since!"

"Well—no wife could I hear of in all that time; and being by nature something of a woman-hater, I have found it no hardship to keep at a distance from the sex. No wife could I hear of, I say, till this very day. And now—she has come back."

"Come back, has she!"

"This morning—this very morning. And what's to be done?"

"Can't ye take her and live with her, and so make amends?"

"That's what I've planned and proposed. But, Farfrae," said Henchard, with desperate awkwardness, "I'm in a fix, a devil of a fix, all the same. For there's more behind."

"And how's that?"

"There's another woman in the case; and, by no fault of any body's, there will be a great wrong done her."

"Ye don't say that!"

"Just hear for yourself. For many years it has been my custom to run across to Jersey in the way of business, particularly in the potato season. I do a large trade with them in that line. Well, this summer I was there, and met with an accident. I fell out of a boat in the harbor and struck my head in falling. If somebody had not helped me instantly I should have been drowned. An account of it was in our local newspaper at the time."

"Indeed and it's all hap-hazard in this life!"

"But the account was not complete. The person who saved me was a woman—a merchant's daughter—a woman who—God knows why, for I never gave her encouragement!—who has had a foolish liking for me more than five years—ever since I first knew her from going over there to deal with her father. So when I found that I owed my life to her, in a moment of gratitude and excitement I offered to marry her. I did marry her—I married her at St. Helier's a fortnight ago. Three days after I came home here to get the house ready for her, and await her coming. But from the moment I landed, I felt I had acted rashly. It was not that I dreamed of Susan living; but I felt I did not care for this young woman, much as she might like me. Odd as it may seem to you, I've always liked Susan in my heart, and like her best now. Well, now Susan has returned to life, and you begin to see the color o't; for the other is coming by the packet to-morrow night." Henchard's voice grew brokenly indicative of passionate revolt against eighteen years of caution. "I've compromised myself by acting a fortnight too soon!"

Donald showed his concern by an exclamation.

"Now see what misery a man may lay up for himself! Even after that wrong-doing at the fair when I was a young man, if I had never

taken the second false step at Jersey, all might now be well. For don't you suppose I complain of losing the younger and handsomer woman I last married, though she's of a good old family, if poor; and she's a good scholar, and well-bred. I do no such thing; I willingly bear all that; I had little wish for her; but I complain of the trickery of things, whereby a perfectly fair course is made impossible. I must injure one of them, and it is the second. Honor where honor is due—my first duty is to Susan—there's no doubt about that."

"It is very melancholy, and difficult!" murmured Donald, almost appalled at a complication so far beyond the degree of his simple experience.

"For myself I don't care a d——; miserable or happy, I can bear it. 'Twill all end one way. But these two women." Henchard paused in a reverie for a moment. "I feel I should like to treat them as honestly as a man can in such a case." He absently sketched an imaginary diagram with his forefinger on the lapel of Farfrae's coat.

"Ye must give up the younger one, sir; and since that's the case, you must write and stop her coming."

"A letter cannot reach her by post before she has started. No; somebody must meet her, and let her know all; so that she may go back by the packet which returns as soon as the other arrives. Now I feel I ought not to see her; and the question is, Will you do me the good turn of going for me?"

"Yes—I will," said Farfrae, after a moment's thought.

"You are a good fellow. Take a note—that's all you need do—leave the rest to her."

"Very well. Did ye ever tell her of the other wife's history?"

"Every word except the sale. Oh yes, Farfrae, I wouldn't have married again without letting the woman know that I had no proof of Susan's death. But you can hardly think how far we were from expecting this. Eighteen years of silence—who'd have thought it!"

Farfrae seemed much relieved to hear that Henchard had acted openly toward the unfortunate second woman: it rehabilitated him in his good opinion at once. "Ah, well, it cannot be helped!" he said, with philosophic wofulness. "In your letter you must put it plain and honest that it turns out she is not your wife, the first having come back; so ye cannot see her; and that it would be wise in her to keep what has happened a secret between you for her own sake; and that ye wish her weel."

"That won't do—dammy, I must do a little more than that—I must, though she did always brag about her rich uncle, and how much he could leave her—settle something upon her, I suppose—just as a little restitution, poor girl.... Will ye draw up a bit of a form for me to that effect? I'm so bad at letters."

"I will."

"Luckily, owing to the recent death of her parent, she insisted upon the wedding being quiet; and now she profits by her modesty."

"Perhaps she thought, 'If I keep it dark, and his other wife comes back, I'll return to Jersey and be none the worse a maid for another husband'?"

"No, no," said Henchard, peremptorily. "She's not that sort o' body at all: more of a gushing, thoughtless nature. However, that's what I must do. Well, now, I haven't told ye all. My wife Susan has my daughter with her—the baby that was in her arms at the fair; and this girl knows nothing of me beyond that I am some sort of relation by marriage. She has grown up in the belief that the sailor to whom I made over her mother, and who is now dead, was her father, and her mother's husband. What her mother has always felt, she and I together feel now—that we can't proclaim our disgrace to the girl by letting her know the truth. Now what would you do?—I want your advice."

"I think I'd run the risk, and tell her the truth. She'll forgive ye both."

"Never!" said Henchard. "I am not going to let her know the truth. Her mother and I are going to marry again; and it will not only enable us to retain our child's respect, but it will be more proper. Susan looks upon herself as the sailor's widow, and won't think of living with me as formerly without another religious ceremony—and she's right."

Thus the evening ended, and the next day at dusk saw Farfrae trotting on horseback up the Budmouth road, bearing in his pocket a letter in Henchard's handwriting addressed, "Mrs. Henchard, Jersey packet-boat." It contained a fair statement of what had happened; and he had enjoined Farfrae to deliver it into her hands before she landed, by boarding the packet with the officer of Customs. Then, when she had read it, to see her on board the return boat and come away. A written promise to pay her a good round sum as consolation money was also to be given—this being Henchard's rough way, indeed, only way, of making amends.

The young man sped along the hard smooth road toward the coast. About half-way he passed the top of a ridge which formed a kind of girdle enclosing the rural districts of the country from those shoreward. A marine sentiment in the landscape followed; there was a change in the smell of the air from field and fruit and mellow mist to a raw discomforting breeze. The coziness of the inland country had gone.

In about forty minutes Farfrae stood on the quay in Budmouth harbor. The boat was fairly punctual. Farfrae immediately went on board.

There was only one lady passenger, and she was too ill to see him just then. "Tell her I have a letter from—her husband," said Farfrae, carefully avoiding to mention names, both on her account and Henchard's. "And I should like to deliver it into her own hands."

The stewardess came back with the message that still the lady could not see him for an hour, being in a disarranged state owing to the breezy passage, but that she would receive the letter, if such were his instructions. Farfrae thereupon descended to the cabin entrance, and in a moment or two a white hand and arm were stretched out from behind a red curtain that hung across the doorway. He murmured, "Mrs. Henchard?" The owner of the hand said, "Yes," and he placed the letter within her fingers, which were quickly withdrawn.

In half an hour he again sought the boat to lend his assistance in shifting the unfortunate young lady to the returning vessel. But she had already gone there. Farfrae, to tell the truth, though pitying her, was somewhat relieved that the letter had done its work so smoothly and promptly, and he lost no time in mounting for his homeward ride.

Henchard awaited him like a statue under the third tree of the avenue; for it was now past midnight, and no idlers remained on the roads. "Well?" said the corn-factor.

"It is done—exactly as you said," replied the Scotchman; and he explained particulars.

Henchard was thoughtful. "Can it be that it will go off so well!" he said. "Poor thing—God knows! Now, then, to make amends to Susan!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BAVARIA'S ROMANTIC KING.

All reports agree that the present King of Bavaria, Ludwig II., is an extremely eccentric and extravagant gentleman of a most romantic turn of mind, even exceeding in kingly oddity his royal grandfather, Ludwig I. There have doubtless been a great many false tales told about the astonishing freaks of King Ludwig II., but it will be admitted by all who glance at the picture of the wonderful sleigh in which he is accustomed to take an airing that simplicity of style and an aversion to royal display are not among his virtues. If any thing more elaborately gorgeous has ever been mounted upon runners than this winter carriage of Bavaria's King, no record has been kept of the fact. And this is only one of a coach-house full of sleighs, the gorgeousness of which furnishes a theme for the gossip of Munich, while in action they are at once the admiration and the terror of the peasantry of the surrounding country as they dash through it at full speed, the royal passenger within taking his pleasure alone after his curious fashion. It is no secret that the owner of this bewildering "turn-out" is to-day hopelessly bankrupt, and that the wisest men in his kingdom are racking their brains to discover means to extricate him from his difficulties, and to prevent him from ruining every body else. Propriety, under these circumstances, would seem to indicate something a trifle less magnificent than this chariot on runners as suited to the King's sleigh-riding demands, but propriety has never played a conspicuous part in the lives of the Ludwigs of Bavaria. The present monarch's taste for sumptuous vehicles is naturally connected with the report that he is about to marry morganatically the widow of a carriage-builder in Nuremberg.

King Ludwig was born in 1845, and has thus far had a merry life of it. In addition to his very evident advantages of birth, he was favored by nature with a handsome face and commanding figure. More than six feet in height, with well-proportioned limbs, broad shoulders, with a well-shaped head covered with clustering black ringlets, he was by common consent acknowledged to be the handsomest man in all his kingdom. There are many artists here in New York who, while pursuing their studies at Munich, frequently saw the young King, and they all agree (a most unusual occurrence among New York artists, by-the-way) that he was, eight or ten years ago, an extremely dashing and handsome young gentleman. At that time his eccentricities or extravagances were not as marked as they have since become, and he might be seen on any pleasant afternoon strolling down Ludwigstrasse (the finest street in Munich) with a very tall silk hat perched on his massive head, and a fashionably cut overcoat flapping in the breeze; for he always walked fast, and with a rolling, theatrical motion like that of a pompous tragedian surprised into haste. He invariably carried a slender walking-stick, and bowed affably to almost every body he met. It was in those days that the influence of Wagner over the young King was most pronounced—an influence which it will be remembered was at one time so strongly resented by the King's subjects in Munich that the great musician's life was placed in jeopardy by the fury of a mob.

On the roof of his splendid palace in Munich the King caused to be constructed a miniature lake bordered with overhanging and sweetly scented shrubbery. An artificial sky, containing a luminous moon which could be made to rise or set, formed a canopy over the lake, rendering any interruption of the King's pleasures by wet or stormy weather impossible. It was (and is said still to be) the King's delight to float out upon the placid surface of this romantic bath-tub in a luxurious gondola, and there, surrounded by a bevy of stately white swans, which had been trained to rest continually in this little pond, to listen to arias from his favorite operas sung by some famous prima donna who had been placed in hiding behind the bushes on the water's edge. It is recorded that on the occasion of one of these Keats-nightingale sort of concerts, the fair singer, doubtless in her anxiety to reach a high note, pushed over the enormous flower-pot behind which she was crouching, and tumbled head-first into the pond, and that the King gallantly rescued her, and afterward presented her with a trousseau more extensive than that of any bride, to atone for the injury that had been done to her gown by the indigo with which, in order to give it a deep-sea-like color, the pond had been lavishly salted.

There is no denying that the present King of Bavaria has done much to advance the cause of music, and that to his extravagant enthusiasm is due the fact that Munich is to-day a musical as well as an acknowledged art centre, but at the same time it cannot be denied that his methods have been and are at least questionable, and his extravagance ruinous. For many years it has been the delight of this romantic sovereign to take possession of the Royal Opera-house, and insist upon the giving of a complete operatic performance for his own exclusive delectation, paying handsomely for the fun. On such occasions the auditorium is darkened, and no one save the performers and the King is permitted to enter the building. The King having established himself in some corner of the great house where none of those engaged upon the stage can see him, the performance begins.

In the construction of his two new castles in the mountains between Munich and Oberammergau the same reckless extravagance has been shown by the King that characterizes all his acts, and the people of his kingdom are left to wonder how the bills will be paid, and what he will do next. His debts now amount to four million dollars; and his most recent freaks have been such, in the opinion of his subjects, as to pass the line that separates eccentricity from downright insanity.

RIOTS OF COKE DRAWERS.

Although strikes have become more and more frequent, the number that causes riots constantly becomes less, for every year more disputes between employers and the employed are settled by arbitration or by mutual concessions, and even when both parties remain stubborn, the strikers are so well cared for by their unions that the strongest temptation to do violence is removed. But the Hungarian laborers in the coke region near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, have no union, will make no concessions nor think of arbitration, and their violence recalls the temper of the strikers at Pittsburgh in 1877. Three years ago they were brought to the coke ovens to take the place of native laborers who made a strike, and they have learned too well the method of their predecessors.

There are in this region 12,000 coke ovens, at most of which Hungarians and Poles, men and women, are employed. They receive twenty-seven cents per wagon for digging coal, and from fifty-five to sixty cents per oven for drawing coke. They asked for an increase of five cents per wagon and per oven, which the owners refused to grant, and claimed that they were unable to grant. On January 18 many of the Hungarians stopped work, and the strikers were reënforced during the next three or four days, until 3600 ovens were shut down, and 5000 men were idle. They immediately began to do deeds of violence. On the 19th, 200 Hungarians and Poles, led by Steff Stanex, a gigantic miner, who was the most daring spirit among the strikers, all armed and many intoxicated, marched with banners, to the music of a fiddle and of a wash-boiler as a drum, made an attack on the Alice Coke-works near Connellsville, drove the workmen away, pulled open oven fronts, and did what damage to property they could.

From Mount Pleasant southward there is a continuous line of ovens for twelve miles, at nearly all of which Hungarians were employed, and at several of them riots were caused by the drunken strikers. At the Morewood mines there was an encounter between the 300 armed followers of Steff Stanex and a posse of special officers. The Hungarians, men and women, armed with revolvers, clubs, and knives, resisted arrest. A pitched battle ensued. As many as a hundred shots were fired. Several men were badly beaten, a number were wounded, and one was killed. The hills above the works were covered with native workmen, women, and peaceful miners, who collected to witness the battle. The Hungarian women fought with their husbands and brothers, and after they were driven into their houses they continued to shoot. At several other places the strikers marched to music, sometimes of a drum, sometimes of a bass-viol, threatening violence. A company marched through the streets of Scottdale armed with fence rails, clubs, pick handles, crowbars, and such rude but dangerous weapons, and made raids on the dram-shops, many of the women as well as the men becoming drunk. At another place, the Donnelly and Diamond works, a riot occurred in which five Hungarians and three Americans were fatally wounded. A negro man at one settlement, without provocation, fired at a procession, which forthwith became a mob, and gave him a beating that will prove fatal.

These Hungarians are the most difficult class of laborers to manage when they are peaceful, or to pacify when they are enraged. Few of them speak English. They live here in the same squalid fashion as in Hungary. They know nothing of American life or manners, or of the courts, or of working-men's rights. Their only idea of carrying a point is of carrying it by physical force. Many of the men have done service as soldiers, and they know how to fight, and are not afraid to resist officers of the law. Indeed, they have no other notion of an officer than as of an enemy in war.

There are employed in this Connellsville coke region as many as 6000 laborers, exclusive of miners. The most of them are coke "drawers," and their labor consists simply of filling the ovens with coal, and after it has become coke of drawing it from the ovens. It is not skilled labor, and the only serious result of a strike of coke drawers, beyond a brief period of idleness at the ovens, is the damage done by the violent strikers. The danger in such a case is the danger of a fight, and not of the strike itself. The disturbance has demonstrated that the employers who brought the Hungarians to take the place of native or naturalized laborers that commanded higher wages are not likely to profit by the experiment. The loss of property and of profits during the interruption of work, and the expense that will be involved in gradually substituting other workmen for the violent Hungarians, even if the wages are not increased, will equal the savings in the wage account since they came, to say nothing of the loss of a dozen lives. The owners of these coke ovens have a monopoly, no product of such excellent qualities as fuel for furnaces being obtainable elsewhere as in this limited territory.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

Since Mr. Henry Irving's visit to America we have gained a much clearer insight into the direction in which to seek the best development of our stage, as well as a much better knowledge of the material at our command. Knowing as we do what one man has done for the stage in England, we turn with a natural anxiety to learn if there be any one here of the profession of the theatre of whom a like achievement may be demanded. Mr. Lawrence Barrett may or may not claim that it is his due to be first considered in any such scrutiny of his calling; but when we look at what he has already accomplished, and weigh duly his relation to dramatic art in America, it is at once apparent that there is really no one else to be considered at all.

Any such exaltation of the stage from its literary and pictorial side as Mr. Irving has effected at the Lyceum is possible only when the conditions of the theatre are purely metropolitan. It is essential that it should be a permanent house, sustained by a great community, or rather by those eclectic elements that exist only in a great, wealthy, and luxurious community. Several efforts have been made from time to time to establish a great house of the drama in New York, but they have failed by reason of various causes—in part because the community was not ready for such an enterprise, and in probably greater part because the efforts were misdirected or inadequate. Mr. Booth, however much his taste and ambition inclined to such a commendable aim, was not adapted to the task. The fire and enthusiasm that he bore to his part went out when the curtain fell, and left him incapable of the unswerving, unflagging, and never-failing energy necessary to sustained and protracted endeavor. Acting was and is a serious matter with this great artist only when before the foot-lights. The late John McCullough, a most strenuous and conscientious artist, had no thought of the dramatic elegances or of new literary and artistic developments in his own art. No one was more excellently informed than he in respect to such matters, but they were wholly apart from the field of tremendous physical manifestations in which he wrought with such splendid noise and industry.

McCullough is dead, and as deeply regretted as any man of worth that ever trod our boards. Mr. Booth will retire, it is said, after perhaps one general season. In any case he will never do any thing for the development of the stage, having been content for years with the most perfunctory general accompaniment and support of established or classical parts. There is no one, then, to be considered but Mr. Barrett, of whom it may be said, as it most truthfully is of Irving, that he is more an artist of the stage than an actor upon it, and that his finest and most productive efforts are put forth during those toilsome hours when his audiences are not with him.

Mr. Barrett has done more than any one else in America to present the higher drama under conditions of artistic completeness, and to stimulate the literary and artistic development of a stage impressed with his own character and taste. What he has achieved in this direction, so far, he has effected without a theatre, and it has been so serious and remarkable an achievement that it is earnestly to be hoped that he may attain, as he so earnestly desires, to the possession of a house of the drama in this metropolis. Heretofore he has led his cavalcade from town to town the whole year round, subjected to the wear and tear of travel, the vicissitudes of varying theatres, and of constant change from character to character.

Nevertheless he has given us an admirable variety—a variety such as only the theatre of Mr. Irving has afforded, and one which has included the best representations that we have seen upon our own stage, the most profitable to its reputation, and the fullest of promise for its future. It is only needful in support of this belief to point to Mr. W. D. Howells's *Yorick*, to Mr. Young's *Pendragon*, to Mr. Boker's *Francesca da Rimini*, to *The Wonder*, to *The King's Pleasure*, to *The Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, and now, latest and most triumphant of all his successes, to *Hernani*.

All of these are distinctively productions by Mr. Barrett according to his own lights, and to be considered as such, and as apart from his impersonations of the standard characters in which he has won his well-deserved fame, and which comprise all there are from Hamlet down to Henri Lagardère. That all this wonderful industry has been hand in hand with a large and liberal cultivation of his art, and a growing aversion to all merely perfunctory representation of the drama, is what makes Mr. Barrett so interesting and important a figure of his time in his profession in this country. He has broad capabilities and a fine ambition, and he, if any one, can make a theatre. It is a present necessity of New York that it should have a house of the drama where the best that is or can be written shall be presented in complete and artistic detail, and with such assurance of its worth and importance that the place where it is done shall attain to the dignity of a permanent institution.

ON THE ICE.—Draw

AWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

A LITTLE FIRE.

I.

UNDER his orange-trees old Parson Merrit paced to and fro one warm January morning, deaf to the song of the mocking-birds, blind alike to the modest loveliness of the roses and the tropical beauty of the hibiscus flowers. He looked toward the river, glinting in the sunlight, and his anxious frown deepened when he saw a little boat put out from the pier, a man rowing lazily, a girl in the stern holding a white parasol over her head, and he took a few steps riverward, then turned and walked to and fro again between the house and the gate. Sometimes he muttered fierce words to himself, and shook his long gray beard; sometimes he stamped his foot and waved his arms about like a Fourth of July orator. His clouded face cleared up a little when Captain James Elroy, of the steamer *Isabel Howard*, entered the grove, wearing the uniform of the company he served, a navy blue adorned with plenty of brass buttons. Once the Elroys were great people in Florida, but that was before the war, of course. They still owned many acres of white sand, of pine forest, of cypress swamp, which they had clung to in spite of the Northern speculators, and it was prophesied that these lands would make the family rich once more, for the new railroad ran through the best part of the Elroy estate. Villages would surely spring up, and the wilderness blossom like the rose. Old Madam Elroy, as the negroes called her, prayed that she might live to see that blessed day, and meanwhile her son sent a steamboat back and forth between Jacksonville and Everglade Point, earning a good salary, but his poor proud mother hated the uniform he must wear, for it was a badge of servitude in her eyes. She lived in a venerable orange grove next to the Merrit place, and Captain James, who was at home every other night, always went to see the parson and the parson's daughter. The old man greeted him eagerly that bright January morning.

"Jim," he said, in a desperate tone, "he is here yet."

"Give him a good broad hint to leave," said the captain.

"Ah, that's easy enough for you to say, but I can't be rude to my sister's son, though there is little of my sister in him. Besides, Emily wouldn't let me."

The captain scowled. He was a compactly built young man, whose face usually wore an expression of the greatest good-humor, but he looked very forbidding at that moment.

"She's gone off somewhere with him this morning, as usual," the parson continued; "and it must be stopped, Jim, and stopped soon. You know what Shakespeare says:

> "'A little fire is quickly trodden out,
> Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.'"

Captain Elroy cared not a foutra for Shakespeare, but he cared very much for the parson's daughter, and he looked down at the river. The skiff had shrunk to a speck on the shining water, and Emily's white parasol seemed to float upon it like a pond-lily.

"What can I do, parson?" he said. "You don't want me to shoot him or drown him—your own sister's son?"

There was a touch of irony in his tone, but the parson did not notice it. He laid his big veined hand on the captain's coat sleeve. "Talk to her, Jim. Get her set against Frank, and he will be out of the house in an hour. She didn't think of any body but you until he came, and she can't have veered all around in a week."

A blush swept over the young man's tanned, bearded face. "I haven't any right to interfere, parson, and she would tell me so in a wink."

"No right?" repeated the parson, sharply—"no right? I don't understand that. She's fond of you; and haven't you known her since she was a slip of a girl with a couple of braids down her back? Haven't you been like a brother—"

"No," broke in the captain; "I never was a bit of a brother, or rather she was never a bit of a sister to me, though I may have been a brother to her. That's about it, parson, I reckon; that's the way she looks at it. Of course she is fond of me in a fashion, but"—he dug his heel deep into the moist sand—"but if she prefers her cousin—"

"She doesn't, Jim; she can't. It is a whim, a caprice. He has fascinated her. But you are twice the man he is. Why, they are all weak and wicked, these Hilyers; and he is a Hilyer to the backbone, good-looking, agreeable, accomplished, as his father was before him, but unstable, and worse than that. You know what he and the rest of his crowd did over at Oak Bluff—drank, gambled, nearly burned down the tavern one night. If I had heard that, I wouldn't have let him into the house; but I could not refuse him hospitality when our hotel had not even a cot to offer him, and I never dreamed he would stay more than a day or two."

"There is no use talking about it," said Captain Elroy; "he is here, and he will stay here until he is tired, unless you ask him to leave."

"I can't ask him to leave," said the parson. "I think I will, but then he comes loafing in, polite and pleasant, and I haven't the nerve to order him away. And I don't dare whisper a word against him to Emily; for she is wayward, she is full of contrariness, and a bit of opposition would work the very mischief. You take a bold stand with her, Jim, and she will like you better than ever. Oh, these fool boys!" he exclaimed, flinging up his hands; "they go on their knees and pray to girls when they ought to show they are the masters."

Elroy's lips tightened under his beard, and he pulled the visor of his cap down over his black eyes; but he spoke not a word for several minutes, only paced to and fro, listening to the parson's vehement words. At last he said, "If I had a daughter, and a man who was not fit to tie her shoes came near her, I would take him by the nape of his neck and throw him out of the window."

"Oh yes," the parson returned, in bitter sarcasm; "and your daughter, if she were a daughter worth having, would climb out of the window after him. Ha! don't talk to me. But were I in love with a girl, and a fellow tried to steal her away, I wouldn't sit down and merely bite my thumb at him."

"Pity we can't change places," said the captain, dryly. They had reached the house, which was small and painted white, with jasmine and trumpet-vines growing over the porch, their yellow and red blossoms mingling among the dark green leaves. On the steps lay Emily's dog, on a chair was Emily's book, face downward as she had left it, and through the opened door Emily's piano could be seen, a sheet of music on the rack, and her father and lover gazed upon her belongings with fond, regretful smiles. She had grown up here in the orange grove, the apple of her father's eye. He had been mother, teacher, playfellow, to her, and now she turned upon him and ruled him so completely that he could not lift a hand to oppose a wish of hers. He led the captain through the house to the piazza that ran along the back, and as he seated himself in one of the arm-chairs he said, pensively:

"It's the climate, I guess. Down here a man gets lazy and helpless. I mean," he added, remembering the Southerner born and bred who leaned against the piazza post, "a Northern man transplanted. If I had stuck to the pulpit, now, up there in Hudson, and preached twice a Sunday with two feet of snow on the ground, maybe Emily would have had some filial respect; but, as it is, she hasn't an atom."

Captain Elroy laughed because he could not help it, and shading his eyes with his hand, he looked at the speck on the river, which was rapidly growing into a boat again. "They're coming back," he said.

The little skiff danced lightly over the waves to the pier at the foot of the garden, and Frank Hilyer gave his hand to his cousin to help her out. He kept her hand as he said something which made her laugh gayly, and action and sound were seen and heard by her father and the simple young captain on the piazza.

"Swear a good mouth-filling oath," cried the parson. But the captain did not swear, although he looked black oaths; yet his face softened as the couple from the boat drew nearer and nearer. The parson's daughter was a tall slim girl, with light brown hair, and a pair of fine gray eyes, which were loving, mischievous, or defiant, according to her mood—"eyes gray as glass," like the maiden's in the "Earthly Paradise." The parson's nephew was a man of thirty-five or six, on whose weak, handsome face self-indulgence had set its stamp, the sort of man who for time immemorial has found an unspeakable charm in maidens who have grown up in the forgotten corners of the world, as sweet and ignorant as the flowers about them.

"Good-morning, Captain Elroy," he said, in a voice that matched his pleasant smile. "Playing truant to-day?"

"You and *Isabel Howard* ought to be ten miles down the river by this time," said Emily.

"We broke a paddle-wheel," said the captain, "and we must lay over for a couple of days until the men get here from Jacksonville to put *Isabel* in shape again."

She went past him into the house, not returning his eager, expectant glance; so he followed her to the parlor, and said, abruptly: "Emily, will you drive with me to Baysville? You told me you wanted to get some things there."

"Thank you, Jim; but I went yesterday with my cousin, and the errands are done."

"Go with me this afternoon, Emily."

She smiled, but shook her head. "And to-day we are going to Lake Bethel."

"Not just you and he?"

"Yes; pray why not?" She wheeled about to face him, the color flaming to her sunburned cheeks, a danger signal shining in her eyes.

"Ah! not to-day," he pleaded. "I get off so seldom, I was sure you would give me the afternoon." He took her hand to detain her a minute longer, for she would have left him to cast his imploring words on the empty air; but he was too deep in love to be bold, and when she flashed her angry eyes upon him he dropped her hand hastily.

"Frank!" she sang out, in her fresh, full voice. He sauntered into the parlor, coming close to her side. "Frank, did you tell my father that you and I were going to Bethel Lake?"

"I did, your Majesty, and he remarked that he would give us the pleasure of his company." There was a twinkle in his eyes for an instant, but his expression changed to one of grave concern. "Emily, your gown needs a bit of color. Try this." He took off the dark red silk scarf he wore, slipped it deftly under her white collar, and knotted it, sailor fashion, at her throat, she holding up her round chin with such child-like meekness that he smiled as though he were a fond parent decking out a petted darling for a baby ball. "That's a good little girl. Haven't broken your new doll yet, have you?"

"No, sir," she lisped, entering into the spirit of the comedy, and playing the demure five-year-old to perfection.

"Ah! then you shall have this," and he slipped a morsel of sugar into her mouth; and they both laughed as though it were the drollest thing in life. "But that patch of color suits you," he added; "does it not, captain?" The captain had vanished. "Did he drop through the floor?" asked Cousin Frank.

"He flew off through the window," said Emily; and then they laughed again, and the breeze bore their laughter to the miserable young captain, who was striding under the glossy orange-trees to the road.

He stopped short in his angry walk. There was hot blood in his veins, a passionate heart in his bosom; and as he stood there, with clinched hands, the man who had ventured to say one light word to him would have gone down to the earth, a vicarious sacrifice to jealous rage.

II.

In the blaze of the hot noonday sun Captain Elroy pulled a little boat slowly through the winding maze of Bethel Creek, rowing until the reed-grown channel grew so narrow that he could only pole his way along. It was a mere thread of water, twisting among the tall dried grasses which grew up out of the treacherous slime, and stretched away in what the Florida people call meadows. Here and there the grass had been pressed down into a sort of nest, where great ugly alligators lay, cowardly monsters, that slipped out of sight at the swish of the boat as the captain pushed through the mass of reeds. On one of these reeds fluttered a wisp of green veil caught from Emily's palmetto hat, and the captain grasped it eagerly, and kissed it before he laid it next his heart. There was no eye upon him, unless it were the eye of a big heron flapping heavily overhead in the depths of the blue sky, the beat of its wide wings sounding on the silent air. It was a lonely lane for a man to travel, but Captain Elroy pushed ahead very slowly until he finally gained the outlet of Bethel Lake, and then, as he sat down to take the oars again, he hesitated before he rowed across the wide sheet of water. The report of a gun startled the silence, and birds flew out of the cypress swamp, calling hoarsely to each other, and flying hither and thither wildly. There were no houses near the lake, not even a negro cabin; for on one side stretched the treacherous meadows; on the other, the sad, moss-hung cypress and palmetto trees rose up out of the black slime of the swamp, the water foaming around their gnarled and toothlike roots. Across the lake an alligator swam, a widening wake marking his progress. Frank Hilyer fired again and again at the black tip showing above the water, but he might as well have shot at an iron-clad Monitor, for all the effect his bullets had. His boat and the parson's were drawn up on the mud bank of the swamp, and Emily was walking on the fallen trees that lay rotting among the tangled vines and wicked-looking green moss. Behind her loomed up the dark, gloomy forest, which seemed a fit habitation for snakes, hobgoblins, and horrid scaly creatures, and dragons waiting for some St. George to slay them.

"There comes the gallant captain," said Hilyer, placing his gun in the bottom of the boat carefully. The parson turned around and waved his hat. He was hot and cross, the poor old man, for though he had brought a stout negro boy to pole him through the creek, he could not keep close to the boat that carried Emily. Frank Hilyer had worked that day as he had not worked in years, and he too was rather hot and cross, disappointed to boot, having failed to capture the tiniest alligator. When he bade Emily take her place in his boat he spoke so sharply that the parson glanced at her, expecting some tart retort from her, but instead she obeyed him with perfect good-humor as a matter of course.

"Bewitched," muttered the parson under his breath.

"Ah, Jim," she cried, when the captain pulled up to the group, "you have come too late. There isn't so much as a sandwich left for you, poor thing!"

"And now we are going home," Hilyer added, placing the oars in the rowlocks.

"What on earth brought you to this forsaken spot?" asked the parson, in bitter irritation.

"Oh, just for a row; I hadn't any thing to do."

"A sweet creek to row through!" said Hilyer, sarcastically. "It's push, tug, row, all the way."

The captain laughed softly. "It must have been hard on you. Emily, you had better let me take you back. I am not tired, and I would be glad of your company. Your cousin is about used up."

She glanced at Hilyer as though asking his permission, and by way of answer he bent to the oars and rowed swiftly out into the lake. He was no match, however, for the tough, wiry Southerner, who gave chase and drew up alongside, grasping Hilyer's boat with a grip of steel.

"Come, Emily," he said, and he leaned over toward her, his dark eyes glowing like coals. She hesitated. "Come," he repeated. "You must."

At that she burst out laughing. "Nobody says 'must' to me, Jim." She rapped his hands with her parasol handle, but he would not let go his hold. "You will stay?" she added. "Then do; but if we float about here until doomsday I will sit just where I am now."

She leaned back on the cushion in the stern, and played idly with the little ropes; her cousin lighted a cigarette and tried to blow rings, but the wind, which was tossing the water up in little waves, wafted the smoke away in filmy spirals. Captain Elroy, after a long, breathless minute, laid hold of his oars and rowed to the outlet of the lake, where he was soon lost to sight among the reeds. Then Hilyer followed slowly.

"Bravo, Emily!" he said. She colored a little under his admiring gaze. He saw, but he did not tell her, that her father and the negro boy were having hard work to push their boat out of the mud into the water, and he therefore made no haste, for the wide lake lay between him and the parson. He presently began to talk in a somewhat melancholy strain of his past life, and he spoke as though there had been little pleasure in it—he who had roamed about the world at his will, free from every sort of care, and with money and to spare in his pocket; but Emily knew no weary, sated men, and his half-sad, half-cynical speeches touched her. She listened, her face showing the sympathy she felt, and she reproved him gently when he went too far in his denunciation of the shams and hypocrisies of the world. It was the old plaint, nothing new under the sun.

"But, Emily," he said, "I wonder what happy star led me down South this winter? I was loafing about the club one day, and some of my friends came and asked me to go to Florida with them. I didn't want to, but then I didn't want to do any thing else, so I let them persuade me that if I shot forty snipe a day I should be in a state of bliss. We went straight to Oak Bluff"—he paused, for she was looking at him intently; some report of the doings of her cousin and his friends at Oak Bluff had reached her ears, vague stories of card-playing and midnight orgies, low practical jokes, and dubious adventures. "I couldn't stand it there," he continued. "The men seemed to find pleasure in a way that I—well, I didn't fancy."

He smiled at her frankly, and she nodded. "I understand," said poor ignorant Emily, in a wise, old-womanish tone.

"Rather you divine what I mean," he returned; "your intuition tells you. Well, so I left, and looked up my Florida uncle and cousin, who gave me a greeting that I didn't dare to expect. Emily"—he rested on his oars for a minute, and spoke earnestly—"I never was so happy in my life as I have been since I saw you."

In the pause that followed, the wind carried the boat to the mouth of the creek, and he shipped his oars and rose to change places with her. When he took her hand to help her across the seats, he put his face down close to hers and whispered something in her ear that brought the blood to her cheeks in a torrent. Over her shoulder he saw the parson coming down the lake rapidly, the negro boy working at the oars with a will, and to escape the old man's watchful eyes, Hilyer pushed his boat through the creek in silence, until he and Emily were deep among the reeds. Then he left his post in the stern and sat down close beside her, clasping her hands; but she drew them away, and pointed behind him. He turned and saw black smoke rolling up from the dried grass, borne straight toward them by the wind.

"Father has set fire to the meadow," she said. "He is always throwing matches about, but he ought to have remembered that we were ahead."

Her cousin stared at her. He did not know how common such fires were to her, and he said, tenderly, "Don't be frightened, dear."

"Frightened! why, of course I am not."

A tongue of flame shot up, and at the sight of that Frank's face turned white. He sprang to the stern and pushed the boat on like a madman, shoving her bow into the reeds and mud in his wild efforts to outstrip the rapid-running fire.

"Better let me have the pole," said Emily, half rising. "I am used to the creek, and we could get on faster if you didn't plunge about so."

"Sit down!" he shouted. "Why, this is awful! The wind blows our way—a perfect gale."

He gave a desperate push that sent the boat deep into the mud; but a thought flashed into his mind, and stepping roughly past Emily, he knelt down in the bow.

"Are you going to say your prayers?" she asked. "Really you needn't. We can reach the wide part of the creek before the fire catches us."

"Never!" he said, with a groan. He took a silver match-safe out of his pocket. "I'll burn the meadows ahead; the wind will carry the flames along, and we may escape. It's my only chance."

He was so near Emily that it was easy for her to dash the match he had struck out of his hand.

"You forget that Jim must be just beyond here," she said.

"Jim?" he repeated. "Oh, the captain! Well, he can do the same thing—every man for himself. Why, Emily, that cursed fire will overtake us in five minutes." He struck another match, his hands trembling violently, but that one too she flung into the water. "Stop!" he cried. "Do you prefer to sit here and be burned to death?"

"I don't mean to let you burn Jim to death," she said. "Perhaps he hasn't a match, and if you set the grass on fire here, it may catch up with him in a minute. How can we tell where he is?"

She seized the little match-case from her cousin and dropped it into the water, and her lip curled. "Oh, you coward," she exclaimed, when she saw his face blanch. "You are afraid, and there is no danger, after all. We can keep ahead of the fire. I have done it often."

He looked as though he would strike her, but she met his terrified, angry eyes unflinchingly, and laughed. The smoke rolled up black and thick, and the air was full of a crackling sound as the flames gained headway. White as a sheet, Hilyer pushed the boat forward with all his might and main, but around a turn Captain Elroy appeared, working his way backward slowly, like a crab.

"I saw the fire, Emily," he said, "and I did not know whether you had any matches to touch off the grass ahead with." As he spoke he set fire to the grass on either side of his boat, and the flames cut a clean swath, which grew wider as the tongue of fire, fanned by the wind, ran among the roots of the reeds.

"Thank God you came!" cried Hilyer, fervently.

The captain looked at him. "You're the worst-scared man I ever saw," he said. "And you are as safe as a baby in a crib. The fire can't touch us. There is nothing for it to feed on when we push ahead a bit."

"Then push ahead," shouted Hilyer, casting a look behind him at the blazing meadow. "It is all very well for you to talk, but Emily threw my

match-safe in the water when I wanted to fire the grass."

"I am very grateful to her," said the captain, "for I was so close that I couldn't have got out of the way; I was only around the turn there."

"Don't stop to talk," said Hilyer. "Let us get out of this furnace."

"The flames can't catch us now," the captain returned; but he took his pole and was about to push on, when Emily stepped into his boat. He did not say a word, only helped her down to a seat, and then pushed forward into the blackened path where the charred tips of the reeds showed above the water. They rode safe, but all about them the meadows blazed like a sea of fire, and the smoke curled over their heads. To the captain and Emily the scene was neither new nor alarming, but Hilyer did not draw a long breath until he was safe in the wide creek. He pulled homeward alone, for Emily refused to go with him, saying curtly that she and the captain would wait for her father. The two sat facing each other in the little boat, and she was the first to speak.

"He was frightened," she said.

"Well, it was dangerous," said the captain, "for the wind blew hard on us. If we had happened to be without matches—and I only had one—it would have been a mighty close shave."

"But he needn't have lost his senses," she cried. "He didn't know what he was doing; he couldn't keep the boat in the channel."

"He isn't used to poling through the reeds," said the captain. "It isn't easy. I am glad, though, you didn't let him fire the grass. He forgot I must be just ahead."

"He didn't care," said Emily. "But I did, Jim."

The captain looked not at her, but at the dark red silk scarf knotted sailor fashion at her throat; and she tore it off, then leaned over and kissed the hand that a little while before she had struck.

Overhead the big heron still was hovering about, and the man and girl in the boat were so quiet that it swooped down nearer and nearer, caught the silk scarf that floated on the water, and bore it away in triumph.

A minute later the parson appeared. "I thought you would have sense enough to fire ahead," he said, staring at his daughter in bewilderment. "When I lit my pipe I threw the matches away, and the grass caught like tinder. We had an easy time coming through. Where is Frank?"

"Gone home," his daughter answered.

"Scared?" he asked; but she did not reply, and after one glance at her, another at the captain, he bade the negro boy row on, and in the waning light of the afternoon the two boats glided up the St. John's River, the one that carried Emily lagging far astern.

CHARLOTTE DUNNING.

RELIGIOUS FAIRS IN INDIA.

DURING the present week great religious fairs are being held throughout Upper India, and crowds of natives—Hindoo, Mohammedan, and Christian—are congregating at the different sacred spots where they are held, for worship, for business, and for pleasure. For they are events of the utmost commercial importance, and the breeders of cattle, the manufacturers of cloth, agricultural producers, and retail tradesmen of all kinds look forward from year to year to these great annual market days as the one chief opportunity for disposing of their wares and products.

Religion and pleasure, however, combine also with commerce to signalize these popular fairs. The priests look to the annual gathering by the sacred rivers, or on the revered hill-sides, or at the shrines of dead saints, for the most lucrative offertories of all the year, and for the most important opportunities that are open to them of distinguishing themselves as teachers of men and of gaining a following. The pleasure-seeker, too, sees in the "Mela" a chance of gratification such as life in Hindostan but seldom throws in the poor man's way. It is his carnival, after a fashion—a somewhat dreary fashion, it is true, but still intended for merry-making and light-heartedness—and so they meet, men, women, and children together, for a high day of devotion, of money-spending, and kindly visiting among friends. With such elements it is no wonder that the Indian fair presents so many points of rare interest, picturesque beauty, and quaint Oriental device, and wherever the Mela may be held, we find the same three great ingredients present in unvarying proportion—the careless-seeming trader, with his string of grumbling camels or his loads of cloth; the poor fanatic devotee with his matted locks and vociferous invocations; and the brightly dressed women with tinkling feet, perpetually in chatter and laughter. Such sights as these always add a pleasure to life, and give it breadth and depth.

Let us stand for a moment, in imagination, at one of these fairs and watch the scene. It is the day of that avatar of Vishnu, when the god left earth to fight for man against the gods who would have destroyed him, and the grateful people celebrate with rejoicings every anniversary of the Savior's death and descent into hell, gladly conscious that in the autumn-time, when the earth is bright again with crops, they will celebrate also his resurrection to life and his return to a rejoicing world. Already the pitiless sky warns them that the hot weather is at hand, and the heavy scent of the mango blossoms overhead tells them that an interval of drought and painful toil now separates them from the glad time of springing crops and running water. The trees, however, throw a deep shade; the mango, Nature's supreme gift to India, keeps its dense foliage for the comfort of the people; and they gather in their families and clans, with their cattle and their goods, under the ample shelter of the sacred grove. Streets, impromptu, have sprung up under the leafy awning, and to the right and left in long lines of stalls stretch the bazars which the travelled merchants have created for their wares. A score of different nations are met to saunter among the booths, to bathe at morning and at evening under the pious direction of holy men from distant countries, and to exchange with travellers the most recent news of men and things. All the Arabian Nights are poured out under this one great grove of dark-leaved trees, and all the romance of the Bagh-o-Behar seems to be there before our eyes.

Yonder, in dignified isolation, is a prince's encampment, and around it hover the magicians, the adventurers, and the criminals, who, given the opportunity, will work out a stirring story from the materials before them. The parrot that was a princess; the wicked brother-in-law, but now transfigured as a black she-goat; the dog that had been a vizier; and the enchanted steed with a peg behind his ear—are all here to hand, and a glance suffices to recognize all the several Ralanders, with their little carpets (no doubt of magic kinds) under their arms, and their lamps and rings in their hands, all of them doubtless talismans. Nor is the nonsense of it only on the surface. These men are veritable "magicians"—if you will believe them. That calf there all bedecked with shells can make the rain fall, and this humble-looking person with his body encrusted with mud has the power of averting small-pox from a village by waving his koosi-grass in the air. Some of them can turn base into precious metals, and all, if put to the test, claim authority over the creatures of the unseen and the supernatural worlds. Do you see that man yonder, a common shop-keeper, an every-day Hindoo merchant, encamped with his bullock carriages all closely curtained around lest his women-folk should be seen by all, and his store of food punctiliously prepared with much ceremony beforehand, with ghee and oil, and his bales of goods watched over by sleepy servants and a yellow-tailed dog? To that man the Brahman beggar's pretensions as to calling down rain and stopping small-pox are sober matters of fact, and every word he is told as he paces down the river-bank is as gospel for him. He has to pay, too, for each invocation with hard coin, and his women-folk have to feed the holy men in the evening besides.

For it is a woman's fair as well as a man's. Instead of the dreary routine of home life, they have now only the cleansing of the eating utensils to look after, and the dressing of the children and themselves. Their duties over, they are free to sit chattering in the shade all day, to listen to the wandering minstrels who come to them with song and zither, and to examine the pedler's glittering wares of glass and tinsel spread out for their leisurely inspection upon the crimson saloo cloth under the trees. The children have equal freedom, and they might wander about as much as they chose were it not for the thieves who hang about the fairs decoying the little ones away from their parents in order to rob them of their jewels, for the fond mothers have hung Delhi filigree round the children's necks, and put silk saris over their shoulders, and bright silk cloths in stripes of color round their waists, rings upon their fingers and in their noses, bangles upon elbow and ankle, so that they are really prizes for thieves to capture.

When, however, the men of the family come back from their business perambulation among the shrines and booths, the whole family is mustered, and after the mid-day meal and siesta, they sally out, a large party together, and exhaust "the fun of the fair."

The women scatter over the scene to have their fortunes told and their horoscopes cast, go into the temples to make their offerings, or execute the small purchases of souvenirs or of household trifles omitted when they left home; while the children enjoy the swings under the tamarinds, the merry-go-rounds, with camels and elephants instead of horses, watch the conjurers performing their tricks with snake and egg and pigeon, and buy toys of clay and tinsel from the carpets spread out on the ground for their temptation and delight. The constantly moving crowd forms a wonder to see, for all the countries of the East are represented: ferocious-looking Afghans and sleek curled Persians selling grapes and pomegranates and kittens; hill men who have straggled down from the Himalayas in charge of convoys of goats or sheep laden with wild forest produce, or it may be borax from Thibet, or lacquer-work from Cashmere; Delhi merchants on their way to the south, who have halted here at the Mela on the chance of doing business; Bengalis, chattering, pompous, and keen; Mahrattas, fierce-eyed, long-legged men, with monstrous turbans; a Punjabi or two, with wonderful limbs and bold, independent bearing; Jats, who look as if every man of them was a prince; and a strange mixture of other races, all picturesque and all idle. Under the trees stand grouped their cattle and ponies, and the servants lie dozing by their side, while from every quarter comes to the ear the sound of jangling music, the rigmarole of the wonder-working conjurer, or the incantations of the priestly folk. Thoroughly Asiatic is the whole scene, busy in a slowly idle fashion, and happy with all the appearance of leisurely indifference.

They are all-important in their way, these pilgrims' fairs, whether held in Central India—dignified by the presence of friendly visitors, by the celebration of costly entertainments, and the concourse of all the money-seeking priesthood of the native states—or among the breezy hills of the north, where the hill folk assemble with dahlias and rhododendrons in their hands and hair, and the mountain women come down in their holiday bodices, brilliantly braided in silk, and wondrous head ornaments of silver and turquoise; or on the banks of the Ganges, where idol-makers drive a prosperous trade, where the sacred water is perpetually laden with votive flowers, the air is filled with the clamor of worshippers, and the Hindoos of the plains gather for their great annual pooja. These Melas often constitute the only great centres for exchange of ideas and produce which the rural districts possess, and as such there can be no question about their utility. More often, however, they are simply pleasure gatherings, and even so are abundantly useful, as giving the people those recurring occasions for public meeting which bind them together as communities, and teach them that there are larger interests in the world than their own parochial aims and objects. They see and hear there of other countries than their own, and keep alive the tradition that India is not, after all, bounded by their own sugar-cane plots.

For mere lookers-on they point a wonderful moral of the tenacity of Oriental usage, and warn administrators that in the East there is a life within a life. Men may govern as wisely as they can and as justly as it is possible, but the heart of the people is not reached by judicious laws or impartial courts of justice. Their superstitions are still their codes, the fakir and the mountebank are still their teachers, and not all the tomes of all the jurists will weigh against the arguments of a Brahmin's horoscope. Railways and other great public works are gradually beginning to sap and undermine the citadels of caste and tradition, but as yet the fact remains unshaken that Hindostan is still only in the twilight of knowledge and in the breaking gray of the dawn.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

FROM Paris is reported the organization of a "Society to give to all Unmuzzled Dogs little Balls of Bread loaded with Strychnine." It sounds like one of the societies that Dickens was fond of providing titles for. A curious enquirer might find diversion in wondering why large balls of bread loaded with strychnine might not be given to the dogs, or why a member of the society should not have the option of using arsenic or prussic acid in the bread balls if he chose, or why the bread balls might not be omitted altogether in favor of a club. Suppose an unmuzzled dog very distinctly affected with rabies should show himself entirely heedless of the prepared bread, and as unmistakably determined to bite the calves of a member, would the member in such case be justified in coping with the dog by rude natural means, or would he be restricted to the single measure stated in the title of his society? Perhaps there is in Paris another society for the treatment of dogs which have arrived at this stage and evince this disposition, and that members of the bread and strychnine society simply have nothing whatever to do with unmuzzled dogs which are rabid, and which come after their calves.

Advertisement in a Vienna newspaper:

"A respectable married couple, of whom the husband is no dancer, desires to make the acquaintance of an equally respectable couple where the wife is no dancer, in order to visit balls in company."

An easy analysis of the venom of the Indian cobra had it that the venom was composed of "an alkaloid and cobric acid." It was made some time ago, but it is only lately that an investigator has declared the analysis to be a mistake. He was unable to find any alkaloid, and although it is possible, of course, that in the absence of an alkaloid the venom consists wholly of "cobric acid," still it is no more satisfactory to know that than it is to know that cobric acid consists wholly of venom. The investigator was unable to learn what constituted the poisonous principle, but he did find that the venom lost its power when its albuminous parts were removed or otherwise rendered inert.

The movements of the tiger are so rapid at times that it has never been any thing more than a theory which avers that it is the aim of the royal beast to dislocate the neck of its prey by a single blow delivered at the moment of pouncing upon it. It is now reported, however, that this theory has been established as a fact by the means of instantaneous photography, for the application of which a most lucky opportunity was lately afforded at Madras. The photographer, the report says, had just focussed his camera upon a fine buffalo which was tied to a stake thirty feet distant, when the desired tiger flashed from a convenient jungle upon the tethered beast, and just at the moment of impact the photographer touched off the instantaneous apparatus, and fled. The negative was a poor one, but it showed unmistakably that the tiger's knock-down blow had broken the victim's neck. The tiger thus opportune was quite unexpected, and science again, as so often before, is indebted for a great achievement to accident alone.

Discussion has arisen concerning the frequency of earthquakes in Japan. According to an official statement of the Japanese government, there is, counting all the earthquakes for nine years and a half, an average of one earthquake for every six days and six hours. If this reckoning is accurate, it seems likely that the Liverpool steamers will soon be able to cross the ocean between earthquakes in Japan, their present time being pretty close to the Japanese quiet interval. Other authority, however, places the average at one earthquake a day, and reduces the interval nearly to the time that a New York letter takes to get to Brooklyn.

Last year's record of the Yale class of '79 shows that fifty-seven of the members are lawyers, seventeen doctors, seventeen teachers, thirteen ministers, forty-seven men of general business, six newspaper men, two librarians; that one is an engineer, and that six are without occupation. Sixty-three are married. Almost every member continues to be almost always ready at a moment's notice to attend a good game of base-ball, and for the game of foot-ball there exists still a general liking.

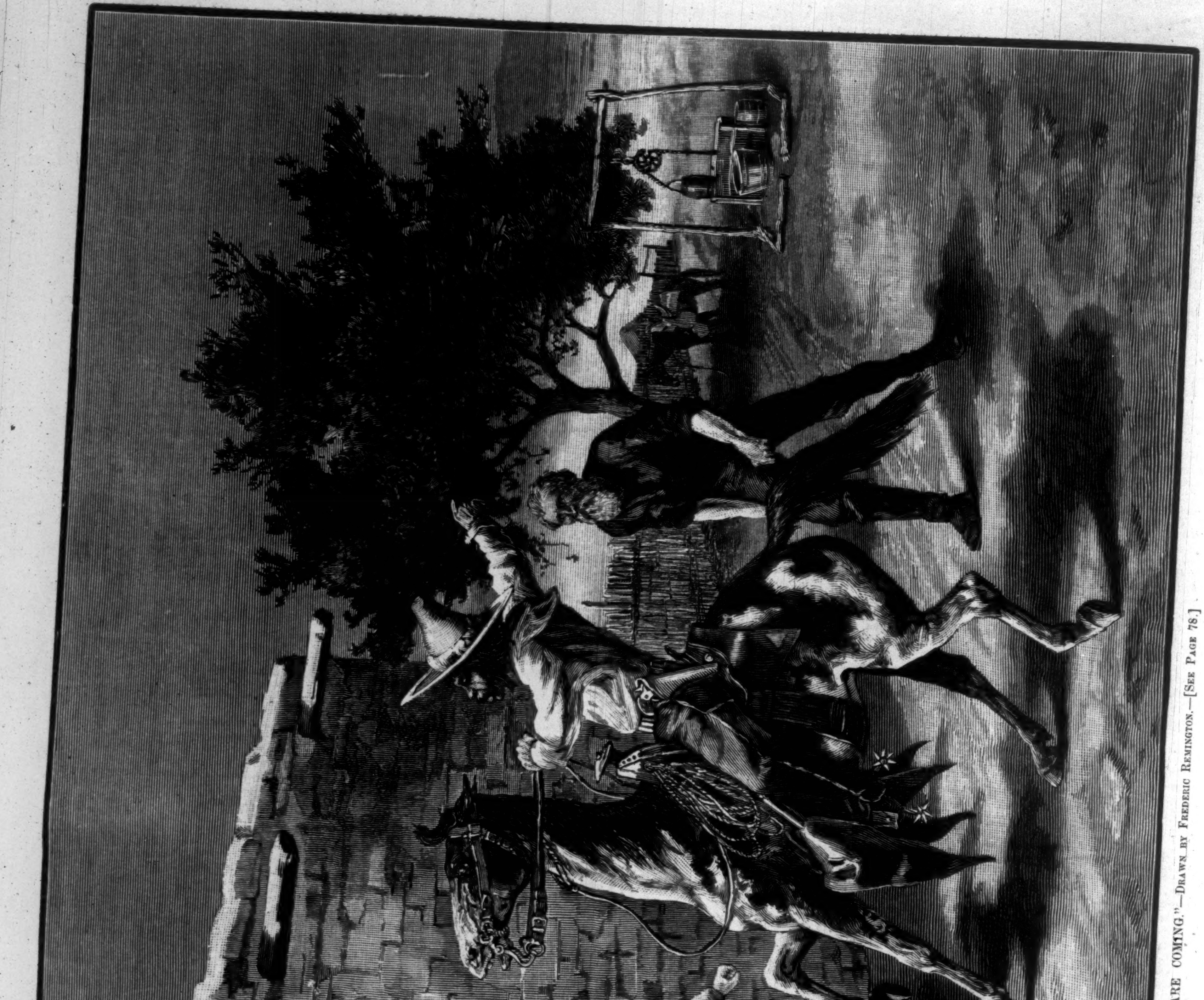
The captain of Harvard's newly emancipated foot-ball eleven is W. A. Brooks, Jun., of the class of '87. He is described as a fine general athlete of medium height, and weighing 170 pounds. His activity remaining the same, the more pounds a player can bring into a game of foot-ball, the better.

Exaggeration regarding the mule has reached the point of the following from the Dansville *Breeze*: "A petrified mule hoof has been found in Pennsylvania. The theory is that it was once a part of an Erie Canal mule that got mad and kicked the hoof back ten million years, into the Stone Age."

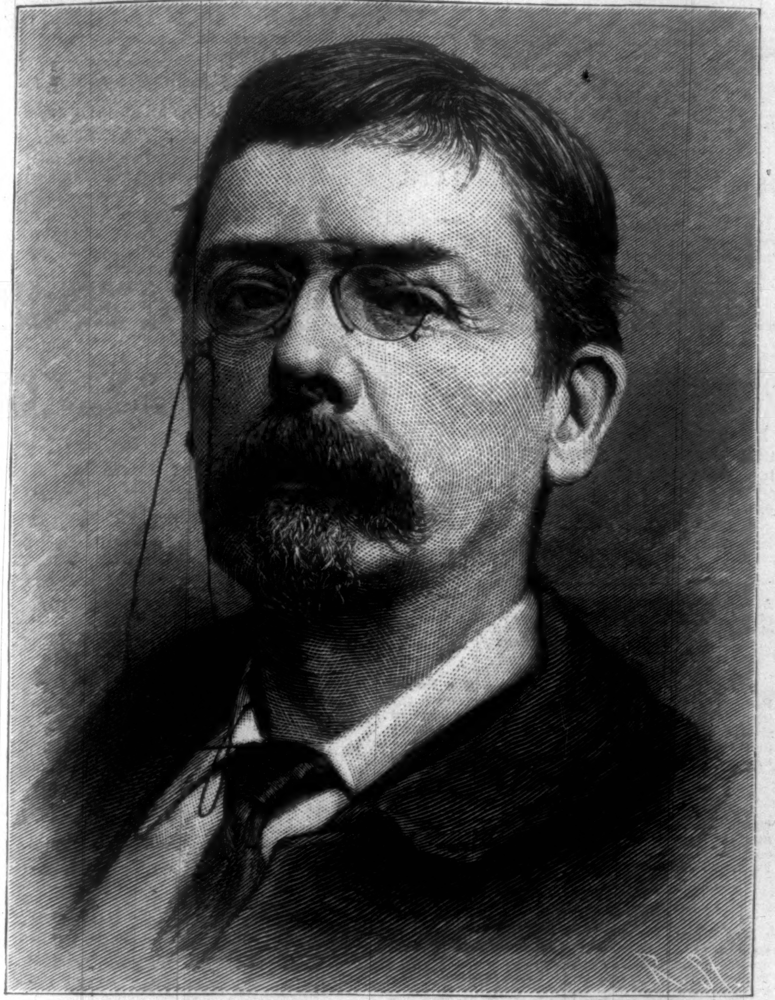
A young American who is studying art in Paris writes home that the draughtsman, at least, is not permitted to be an impressionist where he is. No touch of the pencil is permitted to mean something that it does not show; its significance must be apparent even to the unanointed. The pupil must draw carefully and accurately, and with an attention to detail that would weary some people. His teachers expect him to show attention to anatomy, physiology, and such things, and even to get on terms of familiarity with them. Of course, when he is done with being a pupil, there is nothing to prevent him from drawing what he pleases and calling it what he likes, but while he is learning in Paris he has to do, the American student says, "drawing in the true sense of the word, without any nonsense whatever."

A number of devices have been suggested whereby it shall be made impossible for a drug clerk to give morphine in mistake for quinine. One of these is a small bomb of what is called one-finger power, that is, of a power sufficient to remove instantly a single finger from the human hand. It is proposed to attach it to the morphine bottle in such a manner that when the bottle is slipped for a certain distance along the shelf before it is taken up, the bomb will not explode, while an explosion will be sure to follow in case the bottle is removed without the precaution of sliding being observed. If the clerk is after morphine, he will be likely to remember the peculiarity attaching to the bottle which contains it, and will be enabled to procure the drug without injury; but if he desires to serve a customer with quinine, and inadvertently lays hold upon the fortified bottle, he will simultaneously lose a finger and be reminded of his mistake, and the customer will be provided with an excitement of a moderate nature at second hand, in place of the inordinate excitement in his own person which would have been afforded to him in case the bomb had not gone off.

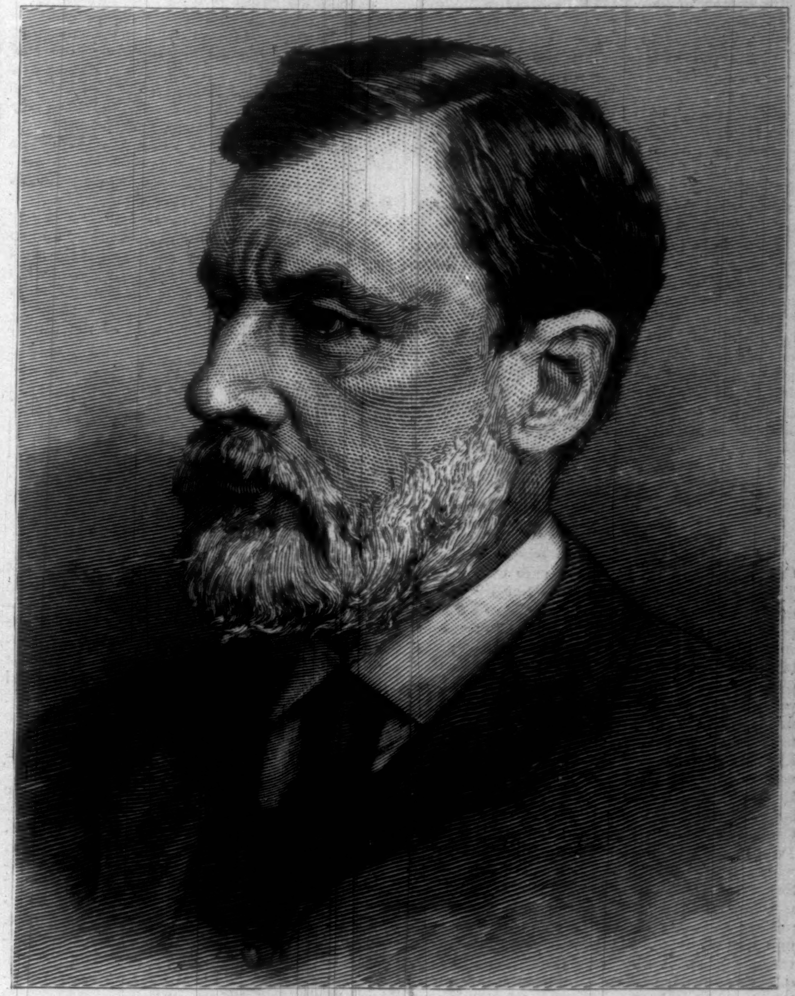
THEY LOVE EACH OTHER SO!



"THE APACHES ARE COMING."—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 78.]



GEORGE DU MAURIER.—Photographed by Alexander Bassano, London.



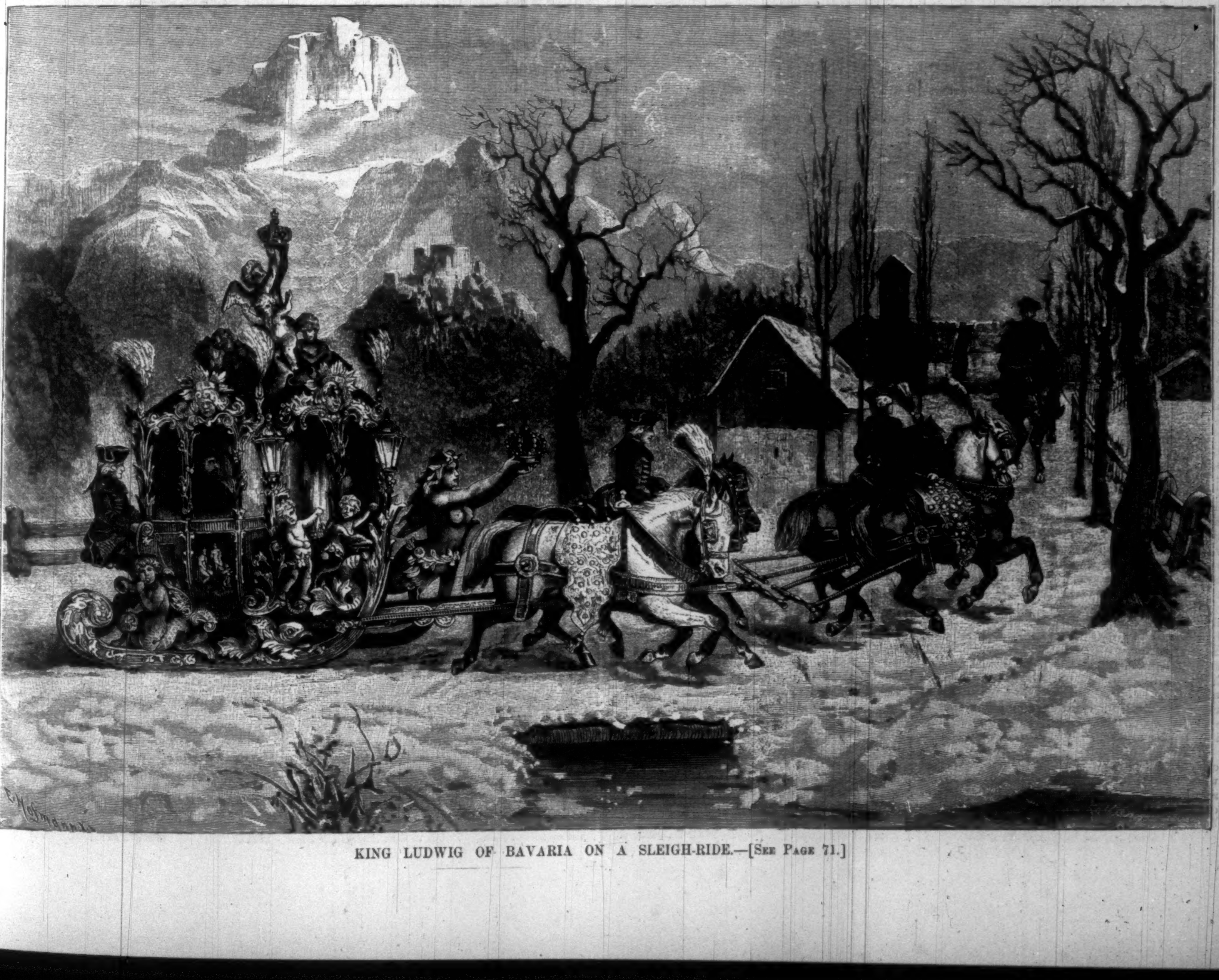
CHARLES J. CANDA.—Photographed by Kurtz, New York.—[See Page 78.]

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Punch is made by four wonderfully clever artists. The neat little capital T in the corner of the political cartoon signifies the hand of John Tenniel. Linley Sambourne signs his name in full, and not uncommonly adds to it *invt. et delineavit*, and his are the fantastic and decorative divagations that go anywhere in the paper, and rarely bear a legend or need one. C. K.—these initials betray Charles Keene, the most robust and British of *Punch's* humorists, one of the quaintest and most genial of Scotchmen, and the man who of all artists of the present day in black and white is by other artists conceded to draw the best. For those refinements of drawing—technically considered, and of laymen indifferently understood—Charles Keene is probably without an equal. The fourth is George Du Maurier, whose work enjoys a distinction that is at once unique and unexampled, and who may be fairly put down as the leading spirit of the pages of the London *Charivari*.

Du Maurier has been drawing for *Punch* for twenty-three years, and is known only by his work for that periodical. He has done very little in color—just enough, in fact, to make his friends regret that his work in black and white is so absorbing. He has illustrated some novels, and his occasional contributions to Harper's Magazine have included some charming drawings, but he is before every thing else the Du Maurier of *Punch*. During all the long period that he has contributed his large weekly share of its illustrations he has never made a mistake, never drawn a picture that was in other than good taste, and never indulged in an allusion that could wound or give pain. And yet he is essentially a satirist, an unsparing but genial cynic, a most close and sapient student of contemporary England. His drawings are mirrors of entire fidelity, but they are conceived in politeness, and they speak volumes of the most amiable irony.

He exalts the British maiden and the British matron, and he places all his British children upon the highest pinnacle of physical perfection. Never were lovelier, more graceful, or more ma-



KING LUDWIG OF BAVARIA ON A SLEIGH-RIDE.—[See Page 71.]

jestic women depicted than in these ever fresh and charming reflections of English homes and English scenes. As to the children, they have no prototypes in classic art, but are designed upon sublimated standards reared and nourished by the artist himself. To be fully aware of this one should see him of a fine morning careering over Hampstead Heath, near his home in the northern part of London, surrounded by a noisy, joyous troop of boys and girls, the only element of dignity to be discerned being an enormous and solemn mastiff, whose portrait in *Punch* is almost as familiar as that of Sir Gorgius Midas himself.

Then there is a serious side to DU MAURIER, and while it may evade the casual observer, it explains in no small degree the enduring interest and importance that attach to his work. In his quarter-century of marvellous industry and artistic development he has become an institution, and were he to drop from *Punch's* pages, his loss would be felt in England in a far deeper degree than was that of his predecessor LEECH, and more nearly as was that of one who was a great power in another branch of art, and of whom GEORGE DU MAURIER in his is a gentle and pleasing reflection —W. M. THACKERAY.

CHARLES J. CANDA.

MR. CHARLES J. CANDA, to whom President CLEVELAND has entrusted the care of the Sub-Treasury at this city—Mr. JOHN BIGELOW having declined the office and Mr. CANDA's name for appointment as Assistant-Treasurer having been sent to the Senate last week—is a Frenchman by birth, having been born in Paris in 1838. His parents, however, came to this country when he was but a year or two old, and as he was naturalized upon coming of age, and has for years taken a prominent part in the business and political affairs of New York, his foreign birth may very properly be disregarded. He is undoubtedly best known to political men of the country at large as Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, to which position he was chosen in 1880 in recognition, doubtless, of the active part which he took in the Presidential canvass of SAMUEL J. TILDEN in 1876. It was through the mediation of the late WILLIAM B. OGDEN, whose private secretary Mr. CANDA was while Mr. OGDEN was President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, that Mr. CANDA formed the acquaintance of Mr. TILDEN—an acquaintance which has since ripened into such warm friendship that his present appointment may be regarded as in the direct line of Mr. TILDEN's wishes and desires.

In his early youth Mr. CANDA was a clerk in the dry-goods establishment of ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co., and afterward was employed in the Third National Bank of this city. He showed remarkable business aptitude, and left the service of the bank to form a copartnership at Chicago with the German and Austrian consuls for the transaction of a general foreign banking business. It was after this that he became the confidential secretary of President OGDEN, and from this connection was derived his present extensive familiarity with railroad affairs.

Resuming his residence in this city, he was in 1875 appointed a member of the Rapid Transit Commission which laid out the system of elevated railroads in New York as they exist to-day. Mr. CANDA is now the President of the Toledo and Ohio Central Railroad, having formerly been chairman of the Reorganization Committee of the Ohio Central Railroad. There is no doubt that he can give an ample bond for the performance of the responsible duties of his new position.

THE APACHES ARE COMING.

A NEW-MEXICAN "ranch" is generally little more than a cattle station, and all its appointments are of the rudest and most primitive order. Its proprietor may or may not be the owner of the spot upon which he puts up his one-story shelter of "adobe," or sunburnt brick. Such a site is selected with reference to the grass land in the vicinity, and to a supply of water. Where no reliable run or spring can be found, a successful well determines the latter question. A further requirement is that no ranch shall be so near as to interfere with cattle-herding or dispute the range. Isolation is sought, therefore, rather than avoided.

A lonely mining enterprise among the mountains is not by any means so exposed, in case of attack, as one of these ranches. From the very ruggedness of its surroundings, the mine can generally be more easily defended, with the added advantage that its fighting males are kept together by their occupation, in constant readiness for united action. The properties of a mining outfit, other than the scalps of the hard-fighting miners, offer less temptation to an Indian marauding party than does the quadruped wealth of a cattle ranch. Horses and mules are here, as well as horned beasts, while the human beings in charge of them are rarely all at home to receive either friends or enemies.

No man in his senses runs upon an evident peril of being murdered. The regions ventured into by the settlers are vast, and the Indians are few. Each separate venture is made under an impression that reasonable safety from savage inroads has been attained. The most dreaded bands are understood to have been broken up by the cavalry, or are securely corralled upon government reservations, or have been driven across the Mexican border to stay.

The chiefs of the predatory bands of the Apaches are not prone to run risks of meeting armed white men in force. Their mission is to the unsuspecting, unready, unprotected outreachings of civilization. Their raids are devised beforehand, and they will ride hundreds of miles to strike a blow planned long months before.

Life at the ranch goes on from day to day in the utter peace and quiet that induce carelessness. Indians come and go, friendly enough in appearance and conduct, and suggest no cause of alarm. One or more of them were of GERONIMO'S or some similar band, in search of "business" for their chief and kindred. Nobody at the ranch ever knew their errand. One day long afterward a cowboy with one of the herds, whose business it was to have his eyes about him, saw enough to send him racing ranchward at the utmost speed of his fleet mustang. His terrifying shout, "The Apaches are coming!" was given but little before they came. It was too late for the escape of women or children or such men as despairingly staid to defend them. The best-mounted cow-boy did what he could, and then rode his horse to death in bearing the news to the nearest settlement. All the rest fell into the hands of the utterly merciless.

THE SCHOOLS OF THE FUTURE.

THE recent report of the Commissioner of Education brings into a clearer view the merits and defects of our common-school system. Education in the Northern and Western States is generally diffused. Few persons are left without instruction. Few are deprived altogether of the knowledge necessary for the common concerns of life. Schools are brought near every one. Reading and writing are not neglected; almost every citizen can add, subtract, or tell the time of day. They can count their gains and calculate their wages. Our illiterates who can do none of these things are chiefly foreigners, or the children of foreigners; they soon learn enough at least, by example, to teach them how to buy and sell. But one lesson they seem never to learn. At the common schools children are taught the elements of cleanliness, good order, and a sense of propriety. In these things our foreign population are often wholly unlearned.

Education has made some progress in the Southern States. But there it advances too slowly. The number of illiterates, white and colored, is still excessive. No part of western Europe, except Spain, is so bare of schools as is this section of the American Union. Yet the desire for knowledge has already sprung up among the laboring classes of these uncultivated communities. The demand for skilled labor is felt in the railways, telegraph offices, factories, and mines. It seems quite probable that the growth of industrial pursuits in the South will rouse to action the latent intelligence of the people. They should not discourage their inventors and artisans by denying them the means of study and thorough instruction, and the national government may well help them to knowledge. It is education alone, and that of the highest class, that can bring into use the rare resources of this part of the Union.

But while we are thus planting the frame-work of a general instruction, we have scarcely as yet approached the perfection of the industrial and literary schools of Germany. Our common schools teach usually only the elements of knowledge. The German Gymnasia and Real or Business schools are far in advance of our higher schools, and equal in their course of study to an American college. No American college approaches their thoroughness or their wide range of study.

In the German cities nearly every parent gives his child a training in the higher schools. In the Gymnasia the pupils study the classics and a wide range of literature and history. In the Real School they learn the latest discoveries of science, the details of business, and French and English. The young German comes from these higher schools prepared to excel in trade, commerce, and all the intelligent professions. Germans are fast engrossing the business of England and perhaps America; their foreign names line our streets; they drive out the less carefully educated man of commerce; they bring with them the higher traits of German education.

The recent educational report shows that a higher education is little sought for with us. In New York city there are six or seven colleges, having about one thousand and fifty students. The Cooper Institute and several business colleges may add a thousand more. Only about two thousand students in New York have any higher training than the elementary or the grammar school. Some hundreds are in colleges out of the State. But in the small kingdom of Wurtemberg, Mr. Bird tells us, 15,000 students, in a population of about 1,800,000, attend the highest schools. The buildings are carefully planned, costly, and even splendid.

The Real or Business college at Stuttgart is a massive stone building, rectangular and three stories high. It cost about $250,000. The finely arranged school-room and the rare skill shown in its construction deserve the attention of all American builders of school-houses. The Real and the other school buildings of Stuttgart are among the chief ornaments of the city.

So excellent are these German schools, so highly trained and cultivated the teachers, that all classes of the people use them together. The children of princes and peasants, of scholars and business men, of the wealthiest and the poorest, mingle in pefect equality at the Gymnasium and the Real School. Their merits and advantages eclipse those of any other mode of education. The German system may still afford many useful suggestions to American educators. The want of a higher education among us must make itself felt in all the branches of trade. Nothing but the highest traits of education will satisfy the demands of the miner, the manufacturer, the telegraph, and the countless new forms of scientific employment that spring up in our immense population. Knowledge is the source of all our prosperity. The schools of the future should make it universal. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

FORTUNE'S FAVORITES

Are those who court fortune—those who are always looking out for and investigating the opportunities that are offered. Send your address to HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will mail you, free, full particulars about work that you can do while living at home, and earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards. Capital not required. You are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Some have earned over $50 in a single day. All is new. All succeed grandly.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

DECIDED BENEFIT.

DR. JOHN P. WHEELER, Hudson, N. Y., says: "I have given it with decided benefit in a case of innutrition of the brain, from abuse of alcohol."—[*Adv.*]

SCOTT'S Emulsion of Pure Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites *is especially valuable for children.*—Dr. J. R. FRAYSER, Memphis, Tenn., says: "I regard Scott's Emulsion as a valuable medicine for the diseases of adults, for infants teething, and sickly children."—[*Adv.*]

FOR ALLAYING HOARSENESS,

IRRITATION OF THE THROAT, AND COUGHS,

It is daily proved that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a mild remedy, yet very efficacious. *Sold only in boxes.* 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

ALLEN DODWORTH,

No. 681 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.,

Assisted by his son, FRANK DODWORTH. Classes and private lessons in Dancing. See Circular for terms, etc.—[*Adv.*]

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, Free. F. HISCOX, 853 B'way, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS is a household word all over the world. For over fifty years it has advertised itself by its merits. It is now advertised to warn the public against counterfeits. The genuine article is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Perfect Hair

Indicates a natural and healthy condition of the scalp, and of the glands through which nourishment is obtained. When, in consequence of age and disease, the hair becomes weak, thin, and gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will strengthen it, restore its original color, promote its rapid and vigorous growth, and impart to it the lustre and freshness of youth.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and am convinced of its value. When I was 17 years of age my hair began to turn gray. I commenced using the Vigor, and was surprised at the good effects it produced. It not only restored the color to my hair, but so stimulated its growth that I have now more hair than ever before.—J. W. Edwards, Coldwater, Miss.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING from debility and loss of appetite; if your stomach is out of order, or your mind confused; take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine will restore physical force and elasticity to the system, more surely and speedily than any tonic yet discovered.

For six months I suffered from liver and stomach troubles. My food did not nourish me, and I became weak and very much emaciated. I took six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured. —Julius M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

"THE GIANT OF THE MONTHLIES."

Subscription per Year, $4.00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE especially aims to represent what is best in American literature and art. Two of its editorial departments are contributed by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS and W. D. HOWELLS, and the *Editor's Drawer* is conducted by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Its illustrations are contributed by leading American artists—E. A. ABBEY, C. S. REINHART, HOWARD PYLE, A. B. FROST, F. DIELMAN, WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON, F. S. CHURCH, and others. It gives especial attention to American subjects, selected with reference to their popular interest. It is indispensable to every American home.

A model of what a family periodical should be.—Boston Traveller.

It abounds in brightness, variety, and in admirable illustrations. There is something for every kind of taste, and entertainment for all.—London Daily Telegraph.

Of all the magazines, this maintains the highest standard of uniform excellence.—Examiner, *N. Y.*

Brimful of seasonable and delightful reading. A perfect encyclopedia of literature and art.—Observer, *N. Y.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

"A PICTURE HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES."

Subscription per Year, $4.00.

HARPER'S WEEKLY maintains its position as the leading illustrated newspaper in America; and its hold upon public esteem and confidence was never stronger than at the present time. Besides the pictures, HARPER'S WEEKLY always contains instalments of one, occasionally of two, of the best novels of the day, finely illustrated, with short stories, poems, sketches, and papers on important live topics by the most popular writers. The care that has been successfully exercised in the past to make HARPER'S WEEKLY a safe as well as a welcome visitor to every household will not be relaxed in the future.

For years the WEEKLY *has enjoyed the distinction of being the best illustrated paper in America, and every successive volume shows new strength and enterprise.*—Boston Transcript.

The ablest and most powerful illustrated periodical published.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The only illustrated paper of the day that, in its essential characteristics, is recognized as a national paper.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

"NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT."

Subscription per Year, $4.00.

HARPER'S BAZAR is the only paper in the world that combines the choicest literature and the finest illustrations with information about the latest fashions, methods of household adornment, and all those minor arts that make home attractive. It weekly spreads before the eye a tempting feast of stories, poems, essays, and art illustrations, and a constant variety of beautifully engraved fashion-plates and pattern-sheets, and by aiding ladies to do their own dressmaking saves many times the cost of its subscription. Not a line is ever printed in its columns that could offend the most fastidious taste.

HARPER'S BAZAR *is not only an authority in the world of fashion and on matters relating to the home, but it also contains in every number an abundance of useful and entertaining reading of general interest.*—Observer, *N. Y.*

To take it is a matter of economy. No lady can afford to be without it.—Chicago Evening Journal.

It has become an established authority with the ladies of America.—N. Y. Evening Post.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"The Best Periodical for Juvenile Readers."

Subscription per Year, $2.00.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has won the approval of parents and the hearts of their children. No pleasanter or surer antidote to sensational juvenile literature could be placed in the hands of youthful readers than this popular journal for boys and girls. Pictures, the work of the foremost artists and engravers, lavishly illustrate its pages; and it is as attractive as fine paper and skilful printing can make it. There is nothing cheap about it but the price.

It deserves a place in every home blessed with children, whose lives it will make better and brighter with its weekly visits.—Zion's Herald, *Boston.*

This bold venture in the field of juvenile literature has proved a victory. . . . It deserves a welcome at every fireside.—REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., *in the* Sunday-School Journal, *N. Y.*

A model juvenile. A boy or girl can have no purer and brighter magazine as a weekly guest.—Independent, *N. Y.*

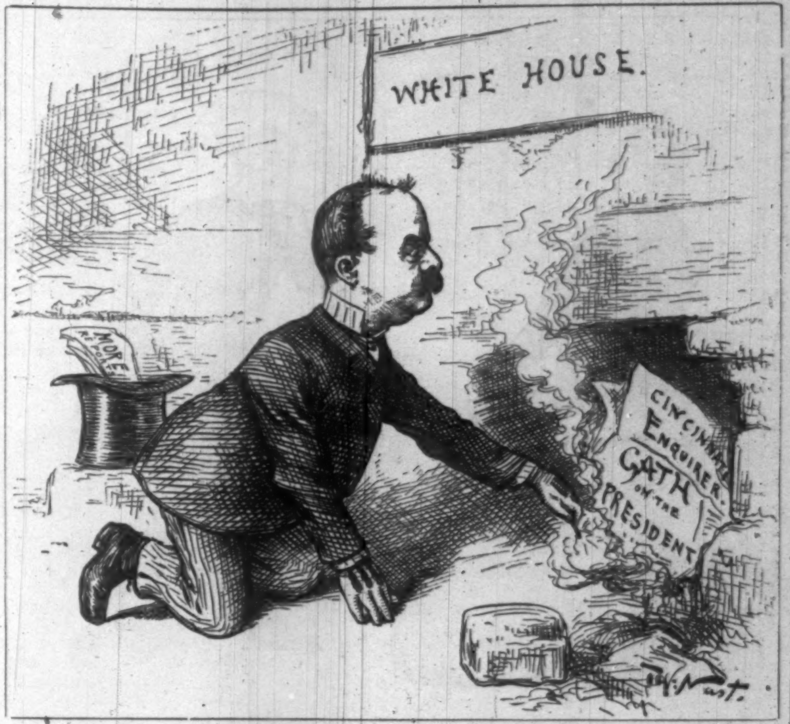
Postage free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

When no time is specified, subscriptions will be begun with the current number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THE DOGS' DAY.



THE AMERICAN GUY FAWKES.

JOHN R. MCLEAN. "This report will do it."

NEW AND VALUABLE BOOKS.

I.

THOMSON'S THE LAND AND THE BOOK. The Land and the Book. By WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D., Forty-five Years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine. In Three Volumes. Copiously Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $6.00; Sheep, $7.00; Half Morocco, $8.50; Full Morocco, Gilt Edges, $10.00 per Volume. (*The Volumes sold separately.*)

Volume I. SOUTHERN PALESTINE AND JERUSALEM. (140 Illustrations and Maps.)

Volume II. CENTRAL PALESTINE AND PHŒNICIA. (130 Illustrations and Maps.)

Volume III. LEBANON, DAMASCUS, AND BEYOND JORDAN. (147 Illustrations and Maps.)

II.

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE" for 1885. Vol. VI. pp. viii., 832. With about 700 Illustrations. 4to, Ornamental Cloth, $3.50. Vols. II., III., IV., and V. $3.50 each. Vol. I. for 1880 *out of print.*

III.

THE GARROTERS. A Farce. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, Author of "Indian Summer." Illustrated by C. S. REINHART. pp. 90. 32mo, Cloth, 50 cents.

IV.

HIGGINSON'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. A Larger History of the United States of America to the Close of President Jackson's Administration. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, Author of "Young Folks' History of the United States," &c. Illustrated by Maps, Plans, Portraits, and other Engravings. pp. xii., 470. 8vo, Cloth, $3.50.

V.

PEPPER AND SALT; or, Seasoning for Young Folk. Prepared by HOWARD PYLE. Beautifully and Profusely Illustrated by the Author. pp. xiv., 122. 4to, Illuminated Cloth, $2.00.

VI.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN SOUTH AMERICA. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, Paraguay, Argentine Republic, and Chili. With Descriptions of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and Voyages upon the Amazon and La Plata Rivers. By THOMAS W. KNOX, Author of "The Boy Travellers in the Far East," &c. With colored Frontispiece and numerous Illustrations. pp. 514. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $3.00.

☞ This new volume, "Boy Travellers in South America," may be had in a neat box containing Knox's "Boy Travellers Series" complete, 6 vols., 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $3.00 a vol.

JAPAN AND CHINA.	EGYPT AND HOLY LAND.
SIAM AND JAVA.	CENTRAL AFRICA.
CEYLON AND INDIA.	SOUTH AMERICA.

VII.

CITY BALLADS. By WILL CARLETON, Author of "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," "Farm Festivals," "Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes," &c. Illustrated. pp. 180. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2.00; Gilt Edges, $2.50.

☞ Will Carleton's new volume, "City Ballads," together with his other illustrated volumes, "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," "Farm Festivals," $2.00 each, may be had in a neat box complete, $8.00. The Set in Gilt Edges, $10.00.

VIII.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF BATTLE LYRICS. By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M.D., LL.D. Illustrated. pp. xii., 168. Square 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2.00.

The above works sent, carriage paid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of ten cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.

ESTERBROOK & Co. FALCON PEN

Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

ADVERTISERS can learn the cost of any proposed line of Advertising at Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N. Y. Send 10 cents for a 100-page pamphlet.

LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE

(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.

JOHN DUNCANS' SONS, N. Y.,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

TELEPHONES SOLD.

Don't pay exorbitant rental fees to the Bell Telephone Monopoly to use their Telephones on lines less than two miles in length. A few months' rental buys a first-class Telephone that is no infringement, and works splendid on lines for private use on any kind of wire, and works good in stormy weather. It makes homes pleasant; annihilates time; prevents burglaries; saves many steps, and is just what every business man and farmer should have to connect stores, houses, depots, factories, colleges, etc., etc. The only practicable and reliable Telephone that is sold outright and warranted to work.

Chance for agents. No previous experience required. Circulars free. WM. L. NORTON, Buffalo, N.Y.

"FOLK-MUSIC."

The idea of thus gathering into these handy manuals hundreds of the melodies, etc., which have been the folk-music of successive generations, the charm of youth, and the solace of age, filling numberless homes with gladness, and invested with social and domestic associations so tender as to be really sacred—discarding all narrow confines and ministering to all tastes, all demands—as done in the

FRANKLIN SQUARE SONG COLLECTION,

in a style at once artistic and surprisingly cheap—was one of the happiest thoughts of the day. With what intense delight I have turned over these pages! How vividly they have brought back the scenes of my childhood and early manhood! How many a friend has come back out of the impenetrable gloom to tread the earth once more in the memory of social intercourse which this music recalls! I think no better present could be made to grammar school or even high-school than a supply of these books.—SUPT. H. F. HARRINGTON, *New Bedford, Mass.*

No. 1, 40 Cents; No. 2, 50 Cents; No. 3, 50 Cents. Cloth, $1.00 each. 200 Favorite Songs and Hymns in Each Book. Sent by mail, to any address, on receipt of price.

Harper & Brothers, New York.

CLARKE'S PATENT PYRAMID NIGHT LIGHTS FOR BURNING IN HIS PYRAMID NIGHT LAMPS AND PYRAMID NURSERY LAMPS.

S. CLARKE, PATENTEE, LON: ENG: AND EXCHANGE ALLEY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.

SOLD RETAIL AT ALL DRUG STORES.

THE BEST MUSIC BOXES Are made and imported by H. GAUTSCHI & SONS, 1030 Chestnut St. Phila. ☞ LOOK FOR OUR TRADE MARK BEFORE PURCHASING.

FAT How to Reduce It. Full Diet. Elegant Treatment. By "The Doctor." Send two 2c. stamps for Manual. Theo. Wing, Plainfield, Conn

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest and cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Annual Sale, 8,000,000 jars.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable tonic. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," &c. Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. The title "Baron Liebig" and photograph having been largely used by dealers with no connection with Baron Liebig, the public are informed that the Liebig Company alone can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by JAMES P. SMITH, PARK & TILFORD, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, THURBER, WHYLAND, & CO., FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

VICK'S Floral Guide

Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1,000 Illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of SEEDS and Plants, and how to get and grow them. Printed in English and German. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order.

BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N.Y.

We will send you a watch or a chain BY MAIL OR EXPRESS, C. O. D., to be examined before paying any money and if not satisfactory, returned at our expense. We manufacture all our watches and save you 30 per cent. Catalogue of 250 styles free. Every Watch Warranted. Address STANDARD WATCH CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

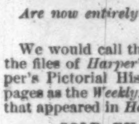
War Volumes of Harper's Weekly

Are now entirely out of print and the plates have been destroyed.

We would call the attention of those who have not the files of *Harper's Weekly* during the War to "Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion," same size pages as the *Weekly*, containing 1000 of the illustrations that appeared in *Harper's Weekly* during the War.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

McDONNELL BROS., 185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. AGENTS WANTED.



FACIAL DEVELOPMENT. Will mail you rules to develop muscles of cheeks and neck, making them plump and rosy; also rules for using dumbbells, to develop every muscle of the arms and body—all for 50 cts. Prof. H. L. Dowd, Home School for Physical Culture, 16 E. 14th St., N. Y.

To Embroider CRAZY QUILTS,

Get BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. 40c. will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches enclosed in each package. Send 40 cts. in stamps or postal note to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.; or, 469 Broadway, N.Y.

DEAFNESS its CAUSES and CURE, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 128 East 26th St., New York City.

PLAYS For Private Theatricals, Tableaux, Pantomimes, Recitations and Readings, Charades, Dialogues, Theatrical Goods. Catalogues *free.* Address HAROLD ROORBACH, 9 Murray St., New York. (Mention this paper.)

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The New York Tribune

Is an Aggressive Republican Paper for the Whole Country and all the People. For farmers, THE WEEKLY is unexcelled. THE TRIBUNE advocates a Protective Tariff, and pays the highest prices to its own men in New York City. THE TRIBUNE will print during 1886 about 25 War Stories, and it offers $250 and $100 in cash for the best stories. Agents wanted. THE WEEKLY, $1.00 a year, in clubs; SEMI-WEEKLY, $2.00, in clubs.

TOLSTOÏ'S WAR AND PEACE.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,

Have Just Published:

I.

A MAN OF HONOR. A Novel. By J. S. WINTER, Author of "Mignon; or, Bootles' Baby," "Houp-la," "In Quarters," &c. Illustrated. No. 50 of *Harper's Handy Series.* 16mo, Paper Covers, 25 cents.

II.

WAR AND PEACE. A Historical Novel. By Count LÉON TOLSTOÏ. Translated into the French by a Russian Lady, and from the French by Clara Bell. Revised and Corrected in the United States. No. 508 of *Harper's Franklin Square Library.* 4to, Paper, 25 cents.

"A work of genius which has hardly a parallel in modern literature."

HARPER'S HANDY SERIES.

LATEST ISSUES:

		CTS.
49.	LESTER'S SECRET. By Mary Cecil Hay	30
48.	CABIN AND GONDOLA. By Charlotte Dunning, Author of "Upon a Cast"	30
47.	LAST DAYS AT APSWICH. A Novel	25
46.	TIRESIAS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, D.C.L., P.L.	25
45.	IN THE MIDDLE WATCH. By W. Clark Russell	25
44.	THE BACHELOR VICAR OF NEWFORTH. By Mrs. J. Harcourt-Roe	25
43.	MRS. DYMOND. By Miss Thackeray	25
42.	CHRISTMAS ANGEL. By B. L. Farjeon. Illustrated	25
41.	HALF-WAY. An Anglo-French Romance	25
40.	OUNCES OF PREVENTION. By Dr. Coan	25
39.	"US." By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated	25
38.	A BARREN TITLE. By T. W. Speight	25
37.	THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES. By Professor C. Witt. With Two Illustrations	25
36.	GOBLIN GOLD. By May Crommelin	25
35.	IN QUARTERS WITH THE 25TH (THE BLACK HORSE) DRAGOONS. By J. S. Winter	25
34.	MUSICAL HISTORY. By G. A. Macfarren	25
33.	PRIMUS IN INDIS. By M. J. Colquhoun	25
32.	THE SACRED NUGGET. By B. L. Farjeon	25
31.	THE ROYAL MAIL: Its Curiosities and Romance. By James Wilson Hyde. Illustrated	25

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

LATEST ISSUES.

		CTS.
507.	A Country Gentleman. By Mrs. Oliphant	20
506.	Original Comic Operas. By W. S. Gilbert	20
505.	England under Gladstone, 1880-1885. By Justin H. McCarthy, M.P.	20
504.	Unfairly Won. By Nannie Power O'Donoghue	20
503.	First Person Singular. A Novel. By David Christie Murray. Illustrated	25
502.	"Self or Bearer." By Walter Besant	15
501.	The Golden Flood. By R. E. Francillon and W. Senior	15
500.	Cradle and Spade. By William Sime	20
499.	The Mistletoe Bough, Christmas, 1885. Edited by M. E. Braddon. With an Illustration	20
498.	What's His Offence? By the Author of "The Two Miss Flemings"	20
497.	The Unforeseen. By Alice O'Hanlon	20
496.	White Heather. By William Black	20
495.	My Wife's Niece	20
494.	Babylon. By Cecil Power	20
493.	Mrs. Hollyer. A Novel. By G. M. Craik	20

The above works sent, carriage paid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of ten cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.